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JUNE 25, 1973

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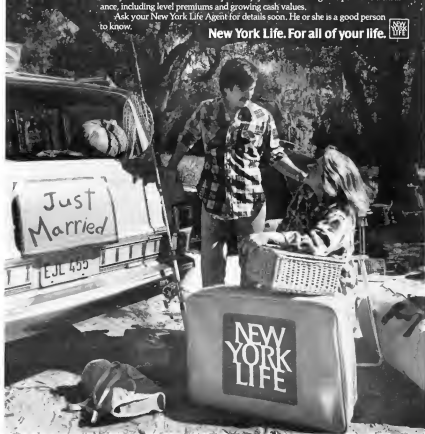
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Most any audio manufacturer today would be completely content with a cassette deck that offered the Incredible Fluorscan metering system found in Pioneer's CT-F950.

But Pioneer isn't just any audio manufacturer. And the CT-F950 isn't just any cassette deck.

Instead of slow-to-react VU meters that give you limited resolution, the CT-F950 has a Fluorscan metering system that gives you a far more accurate picture of what you're listening to. It even has Peak, Peak Hold, and Average Buttons that let you record without

music. More clarity. Less distortion.

A DIGITAL BRAIN WITH AN ELECTRONIC MEMORY.

Pioneer's CT-F950 has a digital brain with a memory that performs four different functions. Memory Stop. Memory Play. Counter Repeat. And End Repeat.

And while many cassette decks let you monitor during recording, what they don't let you do is control what you monitor.

The CT-F950 allows you to bias by ear. So you have as much control over your tape deck as you would over any musical instrument.

Of course, these are just a few of the virtues of the CT-F950. But there are also features like a Double Dolby noise reduction system. And direct function switching.

Obviously, all that went into Pioneer's CT-F950 sounds impressive. But it's not half as impressive as what comes out of it.

So we suggest you go to your Pioneer dealer and listen to it. You'll hear what's really made the CT-F950 an instant success.

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METAL TAPE CAPABILITY FOR HIGHER HIGH FIDELITY.

But it's our third head that keeps us further ahead of the competition. This new Allex/ferrite erase head permits the CT-F950 to accept one of today's great audio advancements. Metal tape. Though its technology is incredibly complicated, its benefit is incredibly simple. More



Buying a new GM car or truck? Don't settle for less than the GM service plan. Here's why.



By comparing the General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan to any other plan, you'll see why we believe it offers the best service plan value available. Just ask the questions below and we think you'll agree that GM owners shouldn't settle for less.

1 Why a service plan in addition to a warranty?

Today, more and more GM buyers are buying the GM Continuous Protection Plan with their new GM car or light duty truck. The reason is simple. With the GM Plan you get added repair protection against the cost of unexpected repairs plus reimbursement for rental and towing expenses during and after the GM new vehicle limited warranty period. (Not available in Nebraska now.)

2 Are all service plans alike? Absolutely not. With the ever growing popularity of service contracts, there are more and more plans becoming available. But do be careful. They are not all alike and GM wants you to know exactly what you're getting.

3 What components are covered? Few if any plans provide coverage as extensive as General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan. The GM Plan covers nine major assemblies including the engine, transmission, front and rear drive axles, steering, front suspension, brakes, factory

installed air conditioner and unlike most other plans, the electrical system. Also, GM covers seals and gaskets, a provision not made by many other plans, and one that could be important to you.

4 What is the provision for rental expense? Some plans offer no rental expense provision. Others offer it only in case of failure of specified covered parts. Some pay less than General Motors. None pay more. General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan offers an allowance towards the cost of a rental car or truck in the event yours is inoperable and must be kept overnight for repairs of any failure covered by the GM new vehicle limited warranty—and after the warranty for failure of any components covered by the plan.

5 Is there an allowance for towing and road service? Some plans don't provide this very important benefit. GM, however, provides an allowance for towing or emergency road service in the event of covered parts failure for the duration of the contract—and during the new vehicle limited

warranty period if your car is disabled for any reason—even if you have a dead battery, flat tire, or lose your keys!

6 Is there a money-back offer? With some plans you don't get a money-back offer, others only give you 30 days.

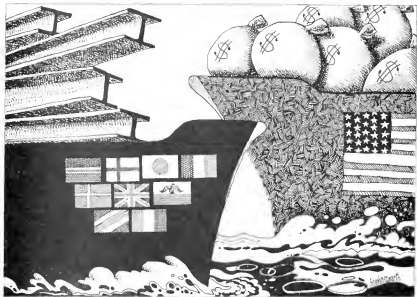
General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan lets you cancel within 60 days of purchase and receive a full refund provided you had no claim under the plan. Also, if you sell or trade your car you can even get a pro-rata refund.

7 Where can this plan be honored for service? Some plans are honored only where you bought the car. General Motors' Continuous Protection Plan is honored at over 12,000 dealers across the country or a repair facility of your choice—a big plus, particularly if you frequently drive far from home.

In summary, few plans offer all these important provisions, so check carefully before you buy. With the very broad protection offered by the GM Continuous Protection Plan, we think it offers the best value you'll find.

See your General Motors dealer today for complete information on the GM Continuous Protection Plan. **Takes care of you as well as your car...As well as your light duty truck...As well as your van.**

Is America getting trapped by foreign steel as it is by foreign oil?



Last year foreign steelmakers shipped an all-time record of 21.1 million tons of steel to our shores. And our nation's trade deficit in steel was more than \$5½ billion! (Only America's trade deficit in oil was larger.)

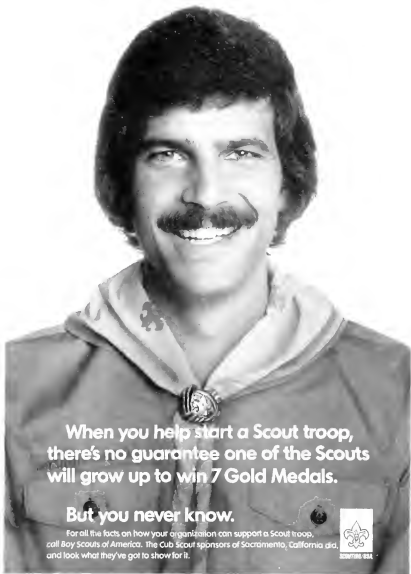
But the worst is yet to come. By 1985, unless we soon start expanding our domestic steelmaking capacity, 25 to 30 million tons of steel imports could be entering the U.S. market annually. That would mean an outflow of \$12 to \$15 billion a year—and a huge increase in our steel trade deficit.

What's needed to reduce America's trade deficit in steel? Governmental policies that will allow the American steel industry to generate the additional funds needed to modernize and expand.

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14 tiny magnets help this father say "Hi" to his son.

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In 1975, Gregory Pekarz was in an auto accident that crushed his upper jaw. His face was unrecognizable. There was doubt that he would ever talk, ever smile again.

Gregory's problem was turned over to plastic surgeons, a dentist and a team of unique experts from the General Electric Research and Development Center.

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General Electric is deeply involved in many different technologies. Most of them are at work solving problems that affect us all — in medicine, transportation, pollution control, energy. But if GE technology can be used to benefit just one person, as in Gregory's case, that's progress for people, too.

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Shopwalk

by JIM KAPLAN

COMPUTER GAMES—A BOOMING TOY— ARE GREAT FOR KIDS. ADULTS, BE WARY

There is nothing neutral about computers. Everything they do seems to be either wonderful or frightening. At their best, computers maximize efficiency, improve research, speed communication and save lives. At their worst, they are agents of Big Brother—alienating, dehumanizing, invading privacy, replacing craft and skill with mass-market mediocrity.

Now the era of computer games is upon us. And how. In 1976 these games were virtually nonexistent. A year later they were a \$21 million business. The figure jumped to \$112 million in '78 and could easily be four times that this year. To research the effect this boom may have on children, the consumers most of these products are aimed at, I took my sons, Benjamin, 10, and Matthew, 9, to the mecca of computer games. For three hours we roamed the floors of Manhattan's Toy Center, corporate headquarters for most major manufacturers, and tested the newest products. For the kids, it was an experience akin to being lost in a chocolate factory. While I was frequently baffled by the electronic wizardry, Benjamin and Matthew assimilated everything. You see, kids have no mental blocks about computers; they've grown up with them. Adults may see computers as monsters that unbalance checking accounts, children see an R2D2.

Most of the hand-held games we played retail in the \$30 to \$40 range and will be on the market in the coming months, if they are not already. Herewith a sampling:

Simon's (Milton Bradley). The sensation of the past Christmas season, Simon is a 12-inch-diameter, three-inch-high saucer with colored buttons that emit tones straight out of *Closet Encounters*. The machine beeps out a sequence—say, red, red, yellow, blue, red, green, yellow, yellow—and the player attempts to duplicate it. There are a number of skill levels ranging up to 31 moves, and various means of creating fresh sequences or competing with one, two or three other players. An adult may tire of the game in a week. Kindergarten teachers say it improves concentration and understanding of sequences.

ELECTRONIC DETECTIVE (Ideal). This game "combines computer logic with human deductive reasoning," according to a company spokesman. Given limited information, you must grill the computer for clues and ponder a detailed work sheet before accusing one of 20 suspects of committing murder. If you guess right, a siren sounds. If you are wrong, the computer "shoots" you. This is a more

complicated version of the board game Clue.

STOP TIME (Parker Brothers) An Electronic Crime Scanner gives audible clues that the player uses to track and arrest a criminal on a board that is laid out in the form of a city. The game is mainly a test of memory.

SCRABBLE SENIOR (Selchow and Righter) The object is to divine which word has been selected by your opponent (or the computer). Computer selections have been programmed by category. (Example: "A four-letter word having to do with outer space.") You guess a word. The computer tells you how many letters are correct and whether any are in the proper position. You keep guessing until you get the right word. Senior builds vocabulary and is fun for kids and adults.

ELECTRONIC MASTER MIND (Intervia, U.S.A.) This was my favorite in spite of the sexist box cover that depicts a British colonel type sitting thoughtfully while a young Oriental woman stands demurely behind him—the mastermind and his concubine. No matter. The game procedure is similar to that used in Senior except that random numbers are used instead of words. Thus it is necessary to make careful and logical deductions. The Australian army reportedly uses this game to test officers.

The best sports games are put out by Coleco, which sells such titles as Electronic Quarterback and Head-to-Head Electronic Basketball, Football and Hockey. These highly reflexive games are well suited to kids, teaching their little thumbs to press buttons at lightning speed. The basic idea of these games is to maneuver around fast-moving defenders—to get your halfback downfield, to pass your basketball for an open shot, to get the puck into the goal mouth. My kids murdered me.

Computer games have not only cut into sales of the more expensive TV video games, but they have also renewed interest in old-fashioned board games. Two groups that traditionally have shunned games, adult males and teen-agers, have started buying the computer versions. "Computers have added a sonic and visual dimension to games," says a Parker Brothers spokesman. "They act as an artificial intelligence, referee and scorekeeper. And you can play alone."

What I fear is computer games becoming an obsession for children: teacher, playmate and best buddy rolled into one, solid-state cell. Fear not, says Roger C. Skarpe, games expert and author of *Pinball*. "Computers are the wave of the future. If these games can give kids an interaction with computers without scanning them, all to the good. It's just a question of getting a mix. My wife is pregnant. I'm going to buy the kid stuffed animals, then board games, then computer games. I don't think there will be a problem."

Oh, but, Roger, I have discovered a problem: some computer games are too difficult for adults.

END

A photograph of a dark glass bottle of Heineken Special Dark Beer standing next to a tall glass filled with the same beer, topped with a thick head of foam. The bottle has a green neck label that says "IMPORTED BY VAN MUNCHING & CO. INC. NEW YORK, N.Y. SERVE AT 45°-50° F.". The main label is circular with a red border and contains the text "SPECIAL DARK BEER", "Heineken", and "BREWED IN HOLLAND". The glass has a red star logo and the word "Heineken" printed on it.

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Italian-style seats. Works of soft sculpture, contoured to hold you in on turns, keep you comfortable on trips. Add Strada's fully independent suspension and a long, strenuous drive becomes a long sensuous one.

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And Strada's seats are set in an interior so spacious, there's more room than the Rabbit for passengers *and* cargo.

An interior so "striking," to quote Car and Driver, that it even has a "steering wheel that advances the art in small cars to a new high."

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And Strada has something else very few other cars have. A 24 month/24,000 mile limited power train warranty.* One twice as long as most economy cars. Yet, for all this, Strada is less expensive than the Rabbit.**

The 1979 Fiat Strada. Beautiful. Comfortable.

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STRADA. ANOTHER ITALIAN WORK OF ART.

© Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. 1979

SCORECARD

Edited by E. M. SWIFT

HAT OFF!

The final obstacle facing the merger of the NHL and WHA was cleared last week when the NHL Players Association voted its approval of the deal. Surprisingly, the players got relatively little in return, and there is a growing suspicion that the association's executive director, Alan Eagleson, may have let the owners off the hook. Eagleson has long been under fire for his conflicting interests; he promotes hockey games and serves as an agent to individual players as well as directing the association. As rival agent Art Kaminsky put it, "It is my impression that he represented the interests of Alan Eagleson, the owners and the players—in that order. And the players were a poor third."

In return for supporting the merger, which will end the bidding war that hugely enriched hockey players during the past seven years, the NHLPA was expected to demand a new collective bargaining agreement similar to baseball's, in which a club that signs a free agent is not required to compensate his former club with a player of equal ability. It is the present equal-compensation provision that has effectively put an end to hockey's free-agent market.

After surprisingly brief debate, the players instead agreed to abide by the existing collective bargaining agreement for at least three more years and to accept bonus payments totaling \$7.25 million over the next five years toward their pension, medical and dental plans and also the playoff pots.

Boston's Mike Milbury, the only player rep to vote against the proposal, says, "We went in with a strong bargaining position but now we have lost our only alternative market. We let slip a chance we'll never have again."

Why the accusations that Eagleson sold out? Because the NHL owners have given him control of the marketing of future events between the NHL and such international teams as the U.S.S.R. all-stars—an incredibly lucrative proposition. To be sure, the players' pension plan

will benefit from this arrangement, too, as Eagleson will, but the deal has nonetheless left Eagleson open to all sorts of accusations about whose best interests he is seeking. Clearly, it's time for him to doff one of his many hats. "I've tried to resign from the NHLPA four times," he says. "They always refuse the resignation."

It's high time the players accepted it

SUITABLE SUIT

Score one for the bikini. At its annual meeting, the AAU Swimming Rules Committee sanctioned the wearing of the two-piece racing suit for women in short-course (25-yard-pool) competition. The suit had been introduced at the AIAW championships by the record-breaking Stanford 200-yard medley relay team (SCORECARD, April 9). Puritans take heart, though. Lest you think the powers that be have abandoned all propriety in pursuit of faster times, be advised that, according to Rules Chairman William Lippman, "The competitive costume must still be nontransparent and conform to the current concept of the appropriate."

HOT DOGGITY DOG!

Score one for the consumer. Last Thursday San Francisco's Recreation and Park Commission voted to roll back by a nickel the price of hot dogs sold in Candlestick Park. Once again the red hots are 75¢ apiece, just as they were until July 1978, when the commission authorized a price increase at the behest of Candlestick concessionaires (SCORECARD, April 16). Ron Gordon, the high school biology teacher who had led the battle against the increase, received encouragement during his year-long fight from, among others, Barry Bosworth, director of the President's Council on Wage and Price Stability, and Alfred E. Kahn, adviser to President Carter on inflation, who termed Gordon's efforts "heroic and unflagging." They were also costly. Gordon spent some \$1,600 of his own money to alert the press to the "Wienergate" crisis.

"I probably won't break even," Gordon admits, noting that to do so he would have to eat 32,000 of the cheaper franks.

FRUITFUL ENDEAVORS

Addressing a recent conference of the Boys' Clubs of America, Rainer Marens, a sports psychology professor at the University of Illinois and director of the Office of Youth Sports in Urbana, Ill., offered his views on the value of awards in sports programs. Given the choice, Marens asserted, children overwhelmingly prefer to play on a team that's a loser, rather than to sit on the bench of a winner. And he fears that rewards such as excessive praise, medals, trophies and trips to faraway places can undermine this desire to participate, win or lose.

"I've seen 8-year-olds at wrestling matches wearing so many medals they can barely stand up," he said. Instead of



trophies and medals, Marens suggested bananas. "If you leave a banana on the mantle three or four days, you know what happens to it. So you're best off to eat the banana when you get it. That's my message."

RACKETS SQUAD

When little-known Victor Pecci of Paraguay upset Jimmy Connors to earn a spot in the finals of the French Open tennis tournament earlier this month, he set off what may have been the wildest week in the history of racket sports.

Later that same day, at the paddle tennis nationals in New York City, players who had gained their renown in three other racket sports were among the

continued

How to write a business letter

Some thoughts from Malcolm Forbes

President and Publisher, *The For* [sic] *Forbes Magazine*



International Paper asked Malcolm Forbes to share some things he's learned about writing a good business letter. One rule: "Be crystal clear."

A good business letter can get you a job interview.

Get you off the hook.

Or get you money.

It's totally asinine to blow your chances of getting whatever you want—with a business letter that turns people off instead of turning them on.

The best place to learn to write is in school. If you're still there, pick your teachers' brains.

If not, big deal. I learned to ride a motorcycle at 50 and fly balloons at 52. It's never too late to learn.

Over 10,000 business letters come across my desk every year. They seem to fall into three categories: stultifying (if not stupid, mundane (most of them), and first rate (rare). Here's the approach

I've found that separates the winners from the losers (most of it's just good common sense)—it starts *before* you write your letter:

Know what you want

If you don't, write it down—in one sentence. "I want to get an interview within the next two weeks." That simple.

List the major points you want to get across—it'll keep you on course.

If you're answering a letter, check the points that need answering and keep the letter in front of you while you write. This way you won't forget anything—that would cause another round of letters.

And for goodness' sake, answer promptly if you're going to answer at all. Don't sit on a letter—that invites the person on the other end to sit on whatever you want from him.

Plunge right in

Call him by name—not "Dear Sir, Madam, or Ms." "Dear Mr. Chrisanthopoulos"—and be sure to spell it right. That'll get him (thus, you) off to a good start.

(Usually, you can get his name just by phoning his company—or from a business directory in your nearest library.)

Tell what your letter is about in the first paragraph. One or two sentences. Don't keep your reader guessing or he might file your letter away—even before he finishes it.

In the round file.

If you're answering a letter, refer to the date

it was written. So the reader won't waste time hunting for it.

People who read business letters are as human as thee and me. Reading a letter shouldn't be a chore—reward the reader for the time he gives you.

Write so he'll enjoy it

Write the entire letter from his point of view—what's in it for him? Beat him to the draw—surprise him by answering the questions and objections he might have.

Be positive—he'll be more receptive to what you have to say.

Be nice. Contrary to the cliché genuinely nice guys most often finish first or very near it. I admit it's not easy when you've got a gripe. To be agreeable while disagreeing—that's an art.

Be natural—write the way you talk. Imagine him sitting in front of you—what would you say to him?

Business jargon too often is cold, stiff, unnatural.

Suppose I came up to you and said, "I acknowledge receipt of your letter and I beg to thank you." You'd think, "Hub! You're putting me on."

The acid test—read your letter out loud when you're done. You

might get a shock—but you'll know for sure if it sounds natural.

Don't be cute or flippant. The reader won't take you seriously. This doesn't mean you've got to be dull. You prefer your letter to knock 'em dead rather than bore 'em to death.

Three points to remember:

Have a sense of humor. That's refreshing anywhere—a nice surprise



Be natural. Imagine him sitting in front of you—what would you say to him?

in a business letter.

Be specific. If I tell you there's a new fuel that could save gasoline, you might not believe me. But suppose I tell you this:

"Gasohol"—10% alcohol, 90% gasoline—works as well as straight gasoline. Since you can make alcohol from grain or corn stalks, wood or wood waste, coal—even garbage, it's worth some real follow-through.

Now you've got something to sink your teeth into.

Lean heavier on nouns and verbs, lighter on adjectives. Use the active voice instead of the passive. Your writing will have more guts.

Which of these is stronger?

Active voice: "I kicked out my money manager." Or, passive voice: "My money manager was kicked out by me." (By the way, neither is true. My son, Malcolm Jr., manages most Forbes money—he's a brilliant moneyman.)



I learned to ride a motorcycle at 50 and fly balloons at 52. It's never too late to learn anything.

Give it the best you've got

When you don't want something enough to make the effort, making an effort is a waste.

Make your letter look appetizing—or you'll strike out before you even get to bat. Type it—on good-quality 8½" x 11" stationery. Keep it neat. And use paragraphing that makes it easier to read.

Keep your letter short—to one page, if possible. Keep your paragraphs short. After all, who's going to benefit if your letter is quick and easy to read?

You.

For emphasis, underline impor-

tant words. And sometimes indent sentences as well as paragraphs.

Like this. See how well it works? (But save it for something special.)

Make it perfect. No typos, no misspellings, no factual errors. If you're sloppy and let mistakes slip by, the person reading your letter will think you don't know better or don't care. Do you?

Be crystal clear. You won't get what you're after if your reader doesn't get the message.

Use good English. If you're still in school, take all the English and writing courses you can. The way you write and speak can really help—or hurt.

If you're not in school (even if you are), get the little 71-page gem by Strunk & White, *Elements of Style*. It's in paperback. It's fun to read and loaded with tips on good English and good writing.

Don't put on airs.

Pretense invariably impresses only the pretender.

Don't exaggerate. Even once. Your reader will suspect everything else you write.

Distinguish opinions from facts. Your opinions may be the best in the world. But they're not gospel. You owe it to your reader to let him know which is which. He'll appreciate it and he'll admire you. The dumbest people I know are those who Know It All.

Be honest. It'll get you further in the long run. If you're not, you won't rest easy until you're

found out. (The latter, not speaking from experience.)

Edit ruthlessly. Somebody ~~has~~ said that words are ~~like~~ like inflated money—the more ~~of them that~~ you use, the less each one ~~of them~~ is worth. ~~Right—sort of.~~ Go through your entire letter ~~just~~ as many times as it takes. ~~Remember—~~ Annihilate all unnecessary words and sentences—even ~~whole~~ paragraphs.



"Don't exaggerate. Even once. Your reader will suspect everything else you write."

Sum it up and get out

The last paragraph should tell the reader exactly what you want him to do—or what you're going to do. Short and sweet. "May I have an appointment? Next Monday, the 16th, I'll call your secretary to see when it'll be most convenient for you."

Close with something simple like, "Sincerely." And for heaven's sake sign legibly. The biggest ego trip I know is a completely illegible signature.

Good luck.

I hope you get what you're after.

Sincerely,

Malcolm L. Forbes

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testants. Puddle tennis is a miniature form of tennis—but with a lower net, a deader ball, a shorter, wooden racket and a single underhand serve—and the transition to it from other racket sports is easy. One team of quarterfinalists included Herb FitzGibbon, a former Davis Cupper now starring on the platform tennis circuit, and Gene Scott, who has been both a Forest Hills semifinalist and U.S. champion in the granddaddy of all racket sports, court tennis. The highlight of the tournament occurred in the semifinals, when national platform champion Doug Russell and tennis pro Steve Geller fought off at least 15 match points before ousting Brian Lee and Greg Lawrence; their 5½-hour match ended with a 38-36 set, perhaps the longest ever in a major racket sports tournament. The event was won for the fourth time in the last five years by Jeff Fietman and Sol Hauptman of Brooklyn, who, fittingly enough, were the national 23-and-under platform champions in 1976.

A tournament in Tempe, Ariz. had a similarly multitalented cast. Women's national squash champion Heather McKay reached the quarterfinals of the national racquetball championships and Victor Niederhoffer, a former men's national squash champ, advanced through two rounds. And in Toronto, Canadian TV used six cameras to shoot the Menon Cup squash tournament.

Certainly, tennis has spawned much of the growth in these related sports. "If you can play tennis, you can play the others," says FitzGibbon, "because tennis is the toughest." Does that make tennis players the best all-round athletes in racket sports? Well, consider the made-for-TV *World Invitational Racquets Championship*, also broadcast during Racket Week. Athletes from five sports (tennis, table tennis, squash, racquetball and badminton) played a round robin, each competing in every event except his specialty. The winner—for the second time in three years—was squash champ Sharif Khan.

BOMBS AWAY!

Dust off those old red, white and blue ABA balls, because the 3-point bucket will almost certainly be back in pro basketball next season. Last week NBA coaches and general managers overwhelmingly approved the use of the 3-pointer; all that is needed to put the rule on the books is a favorable vote by the league's board of governors, which is ex-

pected to render just that during meetings now being held at Amelia Island, Fla.

Last fall, the rule—three points for a successful shot taken from beyond an arc that is drawn 22' to 23' 9" from the basket—was tried on an experimental basis during preseason games, but most coaches paid little attention to the trial. "This time it's serious," says Golden State Coach Al Attles.

He is one of the NBA coaches who never worked in the ABA, where the 3-point rule was always in force, and who initially opposed introducing it into the NBA. "Our first reaction was that we had a good game that didn't need to be tinkered with," Attles says. "We felt that once you start giving way on certain aspects of the game, then you'll start to give way on others. Why not give three points to a team that executes the backdoor play and gets a layup? To me, that's worth more than just pulling up and shooting." But Attles ultimately supported the low-percentage 3-pointer because of the "added excitement potential."

The rule change seems inopportune for a league that has been criticized for late for its lack of team play. "This could send our individualists haywire," Attles says. "We'll just have to re-educate them and ourselves as to what we want to accomplish with this. That will be our main problem."

The Nets' Kevin Loughery, one of six former ABA coaches who persuaded their colleagues to adopt the rule, emphasizes the drama the shot brings to the game. "Now, late in a game an eight-point deficit can be wiped out in three shots instead of four," says Loughery. "This is no gimmick. We believe the change will work."

But will it work for the better?

CANADIEN SUNSET

It has been less than a month since the Canadiens won their fourth consecutive Stanley Cup, but to fans in Montreal it must seem that a long hot summer has already passed.

First, the Canadiens' director of player personnel, Al MacNeil, left to become the coach of the Atlanta Flames. Then Scotty Bowman, who had coached the Canadiens to five Stanley Cups in eight seasons, resigned after a dispute with Managing Director Irving Grundman to become general manager of the Buffalo Sabres.

Still, it was not time for Montrealers to

pante, especially in light of the results of last week's laughable expansion draft. (Among other things, Detroit and Los Angeles had deceased players on their unprotected lists, and Philadelphia had a fan on its.) The Canadiens lost one part-time player, Cam Connor. In return, Montreal ran roughshod through the rosters of the four incoming WHA teams, the clubs that were supposed to be helped most by the draft. Montreal picked up Danny Geoffrion, son of Boom-Boom, and three future draft choices.

But then the bombshell hit. Jacques Lemire, the vastly underrated center for Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt, announced he had signed a three-year contract—reportedly worth a tax-free \$75,000 a season plus a house, a car and a maid—to play, coach and be general manager for a team in Switzerland. A superb skater and playmaker, Lemire was the leading scorer in the '79 playoffs and is a man the Canadiens cannot possibly replace. The knockout blow could well come in a few weeks when Ken Dryden, Montreal's unloved, six-time all-star goalie, is expected to announce that he is leaving the club to pursue his law career.

Grundman, who replaced the legendary Sam Pollock as front-office boss of the Canadiens last year, was philosophic about the defections. "Nothing's forever," he said. "It's like a wheel. It keeps turning. They said the team would collapse when Rocket Richard retired, and Jean Beliveau, and Pollock. But it didn't."

Tradition's a wonderful thing. But can it get the pack to Lafleur?

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SHIFTING INTO HIGH FOR MOSCOW

With the Olympics foremost in mind, U.S. athletes changed gears and sent records tumbling at the AAU championships

by KENNY MOORE

There are 13 months to the Moscow Olympics. It is a middle distance. What once were dreams are now imaginings, ever clearer. Training schedules have gained momentum. Lives have been reordered with sport more nearly at their centers. No more eloquent proof exists than the events at last week's National AAU Track and Field Championships at Mt. San Antonio College in Walnut, Calif., really the last full-scale U.S. championships until next year's Olympic Trials.

As a Moscow-like cold front surged across Southern California, U.S. athletes broke five American records. And time and again, breathless and sick from the effort, they spoke of the next steps: the Pan-American Games, the Soviet pre-Olympic meet in July, the World Cup in August. The AAU meet was the qualifier for all, and the transformations it worked in the athletes were astonishing.

Last year Francie Larrieu dropped out of the 1,500 at the AAUs and didn't run for three months. "I got fat in Redondo Beach," she said. "When I started training again, I had to get baggier shorts." In October she moved to Austin, then Waco, Texas to be near her coach, Preston Davis, who put her on a demanding regimen of running and weight lifting.

continued

Ashford won both the 100 and 200, setting an American record (10.97) in the former, getting a 22.07 in the latter





In this year's 1,500, wiry and confident once more, she faced an equally rejuvenated Mary Decker, now living in Eugene, Ore. Decker, the more impatient of the two, led their race, with Larrieu off her shoulder, Julie Brown behind them, and defending champion Jan Merrill in fourth. "I didn't want to lead, but it felt like we were walking," said Decker. She increased the pace on every lap, from 68 seconds to 67 to 65 and, with 200 meters to go, had rid herself of all but Larrieu, who then outkicked her by two feet to win in 4:06.6, a meet record.

Two hours later Larrieu fastened herself to Merrill's pace in the 3,000, burst to a one-foot lead at the top of the last stretch, where the two old adversaries fought perhaps the bitterest of their stretch duels, Larrieu again winning, again in a meet-record time (8:53.8). Merrill was a meter back.

"Hard work pays off," Francie said, her jaw still set, her eyes still glinting. "A lot of a last 100 yards like that is mental. Knowing how hard I've trained in the heat and cold and wind of Waco made me tougher."

The men's 1,500 was guaranteed to be a tough race, too, matching as it did Steve Scott, the defending champion, against Villanova's Don Paige, the NCAA 800 and 1,500 titlist, who had beaten Scott in the 800 a week earlier in Berkeley. Paige won his semifinal in 3:42.5 with a fearsome kick. Scott was third in his, in 3:41.2. Paige's race plan was blunt: wait and kick. Scott's called for a mid-race decision. "If the pace is slow," he said, "well, I can adjust it."

Tom Duts of the University of Chicago TC led through a pokey 61.1 400. Then Dick Buerkle took over, but the 800 was turned in 2:01, still slow. Scott's reaction was to move in front with a 56-second third lap and keep right on going. "I kept hearing footsteps," he said later. "I didn't know whose they were."

He might have guessed. With 200 yards to go, and two meters back, Paige looked set to pounce. Out of the last turn, he drove with his powerful arms, the mark of his kick, and closed ground. Then, though his head bobbed with the effort, he stopped closing. "I knew with 80 yards to go I couldn't catch Scott," he said. "That shows me what I've got to work on for next year, the strength to hold that kind of pace and then kick." Scott's time was a meet-record 3:36.4. His last 800 meters was 1:50.4, and his re-

covery was filled with relief. New Zealand's John Walker, the world-record holder in the mile, who had watched the race enraptured, approached and seized Scott's hand. "A mighty run," he said. "It took guts to do that."

An athlete who gutted it out in the loneliest way possible was Craig Virgin. "I planned for this race for nine months," he said. "I reviewed my whole career and wrote out what I've learned, and set a program based on what is right for me." His goal: the late Steve Prefontaine's American record of 23:43.6 for 10,000 meters set in 1974.

Virgin would get no other help. He could find no runners willing to accompany him at the sub-67-second laps his goal demanded. So he set out alone, breaking from the field after a mile and a half, running 65s. "I was fast early. I knew I'd have a bad section somewhere. I needed a little cushion." By 5,000, reached in 13:45, it was clear that Virgin had a chance. He grew pale, his mouth flecked with foam, but he ran 67 after 67. "I got heavy in the legs and lost track of the pace, and, with two laps to go, it seemed I had missed it. I felt crushed." With one lap to go, he needed a 65. He ran 61.5 to finish in 27:39.4. "Satisfying?" he said. "You don't know the half of it."

Earlier, high hurdler Renaldo Nehemiah had also displayed his talents in something of a vacuum. UCLA's Greg Foster, the only American to have beaten him in a year and a half, had turned an ankle in a gopher hole near his Maywood, Ill. home. Watching Nehemiah flow to a 13.30 in his semifinal, Edwin Moses, the world-record holder in the 400-meter hurdles, turned his engineer's eye to Nehemiah's technique. "He gets his trailing leg back into running form in a different way, quicker than anyone else. See how he folds it up as he draws it through, to make a shorter pendulum."

After Nehemiah's semifinal, he put ice on his bruised right foot. Without Foster, the race seemed a formality, a test only of not letting down when the pressure was off. "I need to be able to maintain my race no matter who is—or isn't—in it," he said, and then coolly sliced through the final in 13.19, bettering his own meet record by .09, but not threatening his world mark of 13.0. Dedy Cooper was a jubilant

second in 13.46, affirming that, for a time, the nation's hurdlers are content to let Nehemiah lead.

By contrast, the women's 100-meter hurdles was a splendid battle. Faced with the challenge of 17-year-old high school senior Candy Young, who had become the surprise indoor champion in February, American record holder Deby LaPlante had gone to twice-a-day workouts. Again, the object was to make function follow form. "My left arm has always gone flapping out like a broken wing," said LaPlante after nicking .03 from her American mark in the semifinals with a 13.07. "I'm trying to keep it in close, keep it in the sprinting action."

In the final, LaPlante was out slowly, but her form held and she caught Young by the fourth hurdle and went on to win by two feet in the breakthrough time of 12.86, the first sub-13 by an American. Young was second in a world junior record of 12.95. "I wanted 13. I wanted to win. I got it all," exulted LaPlante. "But there's lots left. Lots!"



Virgin's one-man effort enabled him to lower Steve Prefontaine's American record in the 10,000

That was also the feeling the crowd was given by Moses, who maintained a calm, almost disdainful expression as he strode through the 400 hurdles in 47.89. "I ran relaxed on the backstretch," he said of the section where he had run away from all but Olympian Quentin Wheeler. Wheeler's second-place time was 48.39, making him the fourth-fastest ever in the event.

In event after event the quality of performance was near the top of the alltime rankings. In the women's 10,000, high school senior Mary Shea took 22.6 seconds off the American record with a 32:52.5, and Maren Seidler lengthened her shotput mark by 4½ inches with a toss of 62' 7¼". Evelyn Ashford of the Maccabi TC, however, was the only double winner besides Larreau, and in her 100-meter semifinal she became the second woman to break 11 seconds flat with a 10.97 (the world record is 10.88 by East Germany's Marlies Gohr). Ashford won the final in 11.01, then took the 200 in 22.07. That was just .36 off East German Martina Koch's record, but it had been assisted by wind. "This is a tired sprinter," she said. "But I've got to do better to get close to the East Germans. I'd love the gold. I'd love any medal at all."

So would James Sanford of USC and the Tobias Striders, who led every step of the 100 meters, finishing in 10.07, another 1979 world's best, and narrowly escaped the menace of the discus competition. As the sprinters were down in their blocks, an errant discus had landed nearby, causing a false, but very sensible start. The starter called across the field to the discus officials to hold up the throwers, saying, "These men want to start."

In the hush, the growled retort of former world-record holder John Powell carried clearly: "We want to finish!" Indeed, the throwers knew they were engaged in a special competition. Four-time Olympic champion Al Oerter started it with a throw of 217' 8", his second-best ever. Instantly, Powell whipped his dirty old discus 220' 11", Norway's Knut Hjeltnes then topped him with 226'. Then defending Olympic champion Mac Wilkins, who has struggled to revise his technique this spring, stepped into the ring. His first throw had been only 206' 7". "Al Oerter said, 'C'mon, get it out there

now.' It was in the manner of an admonition," Wilkins said after he launched the discus 231' 10", only a foot and a half shy of regaining the world record from East Germany's Wolfgang Schmidt. Then Ken Stadel of the Tobias Striders, with an animal roar, threw a lifetime best of 227' 3" to finish second.

Oerter, though finishing fifth, said, "I felt comfortable in the ring for the first time in a long while, so after my first throw I started experimenting, testing things. I've always been able to do that, even—or especially—in the Olympics."

Oerter has a feeling for the Olympics like no other man—a ruling passion. He won in 1956 in Melbourne as a 20-year-old Kansas junior. He won in 1960 in Rome, correcting a flaw in his form on his fourth throw. He won in 1964 in Tokyo with a torn cartilage in his rib cage. He won in 1968 in Mexico City after wearing a cervical collar to protect a pinched nerve. That fourth gold medal, Mexico's, made Oerter unique among Olympians. It symbolizes both his devo-

tion to the Games and the reward of that devotion. By extension it may be seen to symbolize the dreams and efforts of all the AAU champions.

Last fall Oerter, a man who cannot be graceless, loaned the Mexico City medal to Avco Embassy Pictures Corp. so that they might make replicas of it for the movie *Goldengirl*. After the time for its return had passed, Oerter began making calls. Avco Embassy kept saying not to worry, but Oerter has been told by an acquaintance that there are two ways to copy cast medallions: an expensive way and a cheap way. In the cheap way, the original is destroyed.

"I am afraid they've used the cheap way," said Oerter, in anguish. "That it meant so much to me is one thing. But that they didn't even tell me about it, that they thought somehow I might forget about it..." The possible injustice and loss combined to render him speechless. There seems only one real solution. In 13 months, Al Oerter will have to win a fifth gold medal.

END



Double winner Larreau nipped Decker in the 1,500 and overtook Merrill (right) for a win in the 3,000



Irwin holds the Open trophy after the win at Inverness that secured his place among golf's elite

UP A TREE IN TOLEDO

In the Arbor Day Open, that's where Hale Irwin put his opponents, most notably short-cutter Lon Hinkle, and where kids took in the show **by DAN JENKINS**

The United States Open golf championship can no more dodge making history than it can avoid criticism or mysterious happenings. The one staged last week at the old Inverness Club in Toledo will mostly be remembered for a spruce tree, an impostor, a clown and, finally, the first Open winner with braces on his teeth. Where the sainted Harry Vardon had once walked,

Hale Irwin invented the underlapping overbite.

A truly fine player who deserved to win another Open—one more than Arnold Palmer and Gary Player, two more than Sam Snead—Irwin actually won this one on Saturday, when he fired a 67 into the antagonistic little old-fashioned greens and humping, curving fairways of Inverness. He may even have won it with

a single shot that day, a career two-iron for a gimme eagle on the 13th hole. All he really had to do in Sunday's final round was not lose, and he is too reliable and accomplished a player for that.

Irwin began the last 18 with a three-stroke lead on Tom Weiskopf, his closest competitor, with whom he was paired. After four holes, silent Tom Purtzer was second, only two strokes behind. Purtzer had started five back but he birdied three of the first four holes. Twenty minutes later, however, Irwin held a four-stroke lead over Purtzer and Jerry Pate.

Irwin is not only a splendid shotmaker with every club in the bag, but he is also a tenacious golfer. As Weiskopf had said on Saturday evening, "Hale is about as tough a guy to catch as anybody you'd have to chase." Weiskopf tried—but too hard. He bogeyed the first two holes on Sunday and kept missing fairways and greens on his way to a five-over-par 76.

Irwin lost a shot to par through the first seven holes, but he birdied the 8th—the spruce tree hole—playing the par-5 the conventional way instead of what had come to be known as the Lon Hinkle way. Irwin bogeyed the 11th, he birdied the 12th. He went on making those tough pars, and toward the end of the round only cardiac arrest could have stopped him. Double-bogey/bogey on 17 and 18 certainly didn't. After all, with only the two holes to play, he was five strokes up on Weiskopf and Player. Gary was already in the clubhouse, having closed with a 68, as had Jack Nicklaus. Those two rounds finally made the crowds realize the two giants had been on the grounds during the week. But Player's final round put him in at 286, two over par, and he wound up tied with Pate for second place. Nicklaus' redeeming three-undo gave him a tie for ninth. He was out of this Open after the first seven holes on Friday, when he three-putted five times. Still, that was better than what befell the favorite, Tom Watson.

Watson saved his worst driving week of the year for Inverness; he seldom saw a fairway up close. With rounds of 75 and 77, he missed the 36-hole cut for the first time since March of continued

Young spectators opened a branch office Sunday as Weiskopf played from the rough at the 3rd hole



last year. "I tried to tell everybody I was driving poorly, but nobody would listen," he said. "I want to win an Open so badly, I must be trying to guide the ball or something. I've got to rethink my Open preparation."

Irwin, of course, knew how to win an Open. He had won at Winged Foot in 1974, when he became the first bespectacled Open champion. Winged Foot is a brutal course with problems comparable to those at Inverness. Inverness' greens are much smaller than Winged Foot's—they seem smaller than most card tables—but they offered some of the same agony. They were speedy and they had swells in them. They were torturous to recover on if you missed them in regulation, or to hit into if you missed the fairway off the tee.

Irwin is a notably straight hitter who rarely misses a fairway by much, and he's a great bunker player. When he is going good, as on Saturday when he nailed Inverness with that 67, he simply does everything well. Weiskopf had shot a 67 of his own the same day, but Irwin's was more impressive because he had to look at Weiskopf just ahead and then match him.

The most special moment of the championship came during that round. Weiskopf, who has been so close so many times in major championships, was making a deadly run at this one. On the 523-yard par-5 13th, he had a chance to reach the green in two. With Irwin watching, he sailed a four-iron onto the green, and then holed an eight-foot eagle putt.

Now came Irwin with the pressure on him. Giving up would be easy, but a man who decides to straighten out his teeth with braces at the age of 34 is a determined son of a gun. He had the braces put on two weeks earlier to correct his bite and narrow some spaces. Now it was time to put the bite on Weiskopf or anyone else in contention.

"Hell, let's make a damn eagle of our own," Irwin said to his caddy as he wagged a two-iron in the 13th fairway. Then he burned a shot toward the flag. The ball sneaked onto the green and started tracking the cup. It was a shot the pros sometimes call "a movin' momma," and it was getting beamed in. The ball stopped three feet short of the cup. Irwin had covered an eagle with an eagle.

Although Irwin shot a final-round 75, an unlovely score for which he apologized profusely, he wound up at even par

for the tournament after previous rounds of 74, 68 and the memorable 67, the only player to match par.

"Closing with a double bogey and a bogey is not my idea of championship golf," he said, "but when you wind up two shots better than everyone else, that's what counts."

"It was a fight. I was never in control. This is the Open and I started choking on the first tee. I found myself out there hoping bad things would happen to the rest of the guys because I couldn't sleep all night. I used up all my adrenaline on Saturday."

Irwin summed up his final round and the tortures of an Open by adding, "I must have looked like I couldn't get to the barn fast enough, and I feel like I got there just in time."

Before Irwin took charge there had been more tree jokes than heroes. Inverness was the Arbor Day Open, the 8th hole became known as Hinkle Bells. There were cracks like a Hinkle grows in Brooklyn and only Hinkle can make a tree. And all because the USGA planted a tree to the left of the 8th tee after the first round to try to prevent a handful of players, led by Lon Hinkle, from taking a shortcut.

The planting was definitely unprecedented. No tree had ever been planted on a golf course after a championship had begun, and by doing so to "protect the integrity" of the hole, the men who wear the USGA's striped ties, medals and armbands opened themselves to an unholy amount of criticism from players and press alike. The plain fact was that Hinkle had outsmarted the rules-makers. He had found an opening on the 8th tee that would allow a player to drive down the adjacent 17th fairway, and from there hit a difficult, but not impossible, shot to the 8th green. This shortened the 528-yard par-5 hole by about 75 yards. On the first day, Hinkle drove with a one-iron, played a two-iron approach and got a two-putt birdie. His discovery filtered back into the field behind him. Eight players, in all, tried the shortcut, and six of them made birdies, but it was Hinkle's that really distressed the USGA. His 70 gave him a tie with four other players for the first-round lead.

At 5:40 a.m. on Friday, a scraggly, 25-foot Black Hills spruce was planted in Hinkle's Gap. It looked like a Christmas tree you wouldn't buy, and it turned out to be too small to discourage the short-

cutters. Hinkle announced in the locker room before teeing off on Friday that he was going around it or over it.

When Hinkle and Chi Chi Rodriguez, in the same threesome, reached the 7th green, they looked at the tree before lining up their putts, and they started laughing. On the 8th tee, Hinkle glanced over at George Burns and John Schroeder, who were on the 17th tee, and waved an arm in their direction, as if saying, "Here I come again, fellows." Chi Chi teed up his ball on a pencil, six inches high, and went over the top. Hinkle cut a low driver around to the left of the spruce after first having gallery ropes, stakes and spectators removed from his line of fire.

Walking toward his ball in the 17th fairway, Hinkle said to Burns and Schroeder, "Hope I'm not bothering anybody," and everyone had a big laugh. Hinkle then hit a seven-iron over some more trees toward the 8th green. A six-iron would have been perfect. Hinkle's shot fell short, into a bunker. Still he got up and down for another birdie.

The USGA wouldn't have had to plant a tree had it merely moved the tee markers forward, as it did on Saturday. This

The Tree was planted by the dawn's early light



still didn't prevent Hinkle from attempting the shortcut again, this time by driving around the right side of the spruce. It was too good a joke to let die.

Hinkle didn't get a birdie on Saturday, however. His gambling tee shot found the deep rough, his iron shot struck an unfamous tree and he had to settle for a par. On Sunday the USGA moved the tee markers yet again, but Hinkle tried the gamble once more, having nothing better to do; he was out of contention. He drove into the rough, hit some more unfamous trees and made a bogey.

Later he said, "That tree took me out of the tournament, I think. There I was tied for the lead after the first day, but there was so much talk about it. I was thinking more about outfoxing the tree than trying to play golf."

Besides the affair of the tree, the USGA suffered some embarrassment at the hands of golfers who were not in the Open but did peculiar things on the course. On Wednesday an impostor named Barry Bremen played nine holes of practice with Wayne Levi and Kip Byrne, and then had his photograph taken on the practice tee with Nicklaus. In

February, Bremen had gained fleeting notoriety by getting hold of an old Kansas City Kings warmup suit and participating briefly in the halftime shooting drills during the NBA All-Star game before he was discovered.

On Sunday morning the USGA had to make a citizen's arrest of Bob Clampett, a fine amateur, for conduct considered "demeaning" to the championship. Clampett, who had missed the cut, was sent out as a "marker," a non-contesting companion for pro David Edwards, who otherwise would have been playing alone. Clampett looks a little like Harpo Marx, so maybe that explains what he did. He drove off the 1st tee on his knees. He drove off the 10th tee on his knees. He frequently putted between his legs, putted with a sand wedge and did a number of Chi Chi-type comedy routines. He was finally escorted off the course at the 12th hole by Jim Hand, chairman of the USGA's championship committee, and P. J. Boatwright, executive director of the USGA.

"I'll have the last laugh," Clampett said. "I'll turn pro."

That Hale Irwin started winning the

championship on Saturday pleased everyone who may have been wondering who Purtzer and Larry Nelson, the 36-hole co-leaders, were. Well they are fine players, and Purtzer has one of the best and freest swings in golf, but they are two of the quietest players on the tour. Somebody told Sandy Tatum, the president of the USGA, that instead of planting a tree, if he really wanted to do something to help this Open along he should plant a ventriloquist near Purtzer and Nelson in case either of them won.

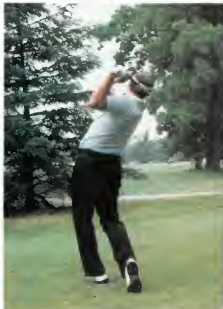
As it turned out, the spruce got Purtzer, too. This was on Sunday when he, of all people, tried to take the 8th-hole shortcut while seriously in pursuit of Irwin. He wound up with a double bogey.

Scored old Inverness more than held its own. Irwin's limping double bogey/bogey on the last two holes wasn't the most historic or stylish of finishes for a man winning one of the grandest of titles, but it was plenty good enough among the Toledo wounded. And it made one wonder whether all Harry Vardon needed back there in 1920, when he lost a five-stroke lead in the last seven holes, was braces on his teeth.

END

By outdriving its fence had spread and it carried a jocular adornment

Nonetheless, Hinkle found the obstacle not insurmountable







WONDROUS WINGS ACROSS THE WATER

In an epochal flight, a solitary cyclist named Bryan Allen furiously pedaled a 75-pound aircraft the 23 miles from England to France

by GEOFFREY NICHOLSON

At 8:39 on the morning of June 12, the Gossamer Albatross came skimming in over the surf at Cap Gris-Nez near Calais on the northern coast of France and settled gently onto the beach. The Mylar cockpit was peeled away from around the exhausted pilot and he was gently lifted out. Waiting schoolchildren clapped and cheered. Someone thrust a bottle of champagne into the pilot's hands and he took a ceremonial swig. Mme. Anne Coupin, of the nearby village of Wisan, handed him a small bouquet and kissed him on both cheeks. "Magnifique!" she said. The pilot, shyly accepting that assessment, murmured, "Wow! Oh, wow!"

It was indeed a wow of an occasion. Two hours and 49 minutes earlier, with no propulsive force but 26-year-old Bryan Allen's long, powerful legs pumping away inside the cockpit suspended beneath the Albatross' 96-foot wide wings, the delicate craft had lifted off from Folkestone, England, and headed out over the Channel. During the 23-mile flight Allen—a Californian who took delight in signing "Bryan Allen, pilot and engine, Gossamer Albatross" for autograph seekers—had fought off fatigue and dehydration, had nearly been downed four times by air turbulence that buffeted his craft as it flew mere feet above the waves, had been forced to make a detour around a supertanker and had lost part of his communications system. Once he even had hand-signaled to

his support boats that he was aborting, but by pedaling furiously he was able to regain altitude, and he waved them off.

For his epochal flight, Allen will collect a share of the \$210,000 prize offered for the feat. An enthusiastic London Daily Telegraph compared the accomplishment with the first flight across the Channel in the infancy of aviation: "The glory is that [Allen] made it, and not all the great advances of aeronautics since Bleriot should make us for one moment blasé. In fact, is not Mr. Allen's achievement somewhat more impressive? When Bleriot crossed the Channel in 1909, he flew an airplane with a 25-horsepower internal combustion engine at between 150 and 300 feet and at 40 miles per hour. . . Mr. Allen had only his frantically pumping legs to help him."

As Allen was quick to note, he also had the benefit of a brilliant design by Dr. Paul MacCready, 53, the California physicist who had created not only the Albatross but also its predecessor, the Gossamer Condor. That was the plane Allen had pedaled around a 1.15-mile figure-8 course in 1977 in history's first human-powered flight of any real significance, and it won an \$86,000 prize put up by British industrialist and flying enthusiast Henry Kremer.

The Albatross was built solely to win a subsequent prize Kremer had offered for a Channel crossing. The craft weighs only 75 pounds and what looks as if it should be the plane's tail is stretched delicately out in front as a stabilizing airfoil nose. The propeller is located behind the cockpit gently pushing. The wingspan is about 2½ feet more than that of a DC-9.

continued

The craft's altitude above the waves varied from a reassuring 12 feet to a harrowing six inches



GOSSAMER ALBATROSS *continued* After landing on a French beach, the Gossamer Albatross was taken apart, never to fly again



and the landing gear consists of two tiny wheels weighing one ounce each. The steering controls and much of the cord used to reinforce the frame are made of Kevlar, a space-age fiber; the 20 pulleys in the steering system are molded of Delrin, another plastic, and the wings are made of fabulously thin (.0005 of an inch) Mylar, which is used in the manufacture of recording tapes.

Bespectacled Bryan Allen also seemed to be well designed to pedal *Albatross* into history. He was a champion bike racer in high school and at Cal State Bakersfield, and he is an accomplished skier and hang-glider. He is also a bachelor and a biologist, and his fiercest epithet is "heavens!" For the Channel flight Allen wore running shorts, a life jacket over his bare chest, a bicycling helmet and running shoes. Counting the bananas, apples, hard rolls and one pint of water he consumed before takeoff—"Fuel for the engine," Allen had quipped—MacCready estimated his 6-foot pilot's take-off weight at 141 pounds.

Allen, the 26-year-old pilot and power plant, said "doggone it, fought off leg cramps and did it

Under Kremer's rules the craft had to be heavier than air. In addition, it could not be assisted by motors, propellants, gases or ground crew. In-air launches were also prohibited. The only allowable propulsion would be the power of the on-board crew. The flight could leave the English mainland at any point and land anywhere on the mainland of France, but the trip would have to be continuous. No part of the craft could be jettisoned in flight. One could fly as low as desired, but not higher than 160 feet—that altitude limit intended to discourage glider pilots from seeking out a thermal current and gliding to France.

The *Gossamer Albatross* was built in Pasadena, Calif., and tested through April. "It takes about a half horsepower to take off and about a three-tenths horsepower to keep the plane going at about 11 mph," Allen says. This is comparable to pedaling a racing bike at 20 mph on a level road with no wind.

In a first test, Allen flew the *Albatross* for 13 miles—a hop of one hour and nine minutes duration—across California's Harper Dry Lake. He said he probably could have kept pedaling for four hours if he had to.

continued

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"It was obvious that the plane could fly the Channel," MacCready says. "But to do that was going to take a lot of logistics and communications and organization beyond my resources." So he brought in Du Pont, whose products were already in the craft anyway. "Once they got going, we had the resources to do it right," MacCready says. All told, Du Pont probably invested \$200,000 in the project.

The crew arrived in Folkestone on May 1 to reassemble the *Albatross*, plus partially put together two identical backup planes, and begin the weather watch. There would have to be very little wind because even a breeze of 7 mph might cause serious control problems for the feather-light aircraft.

While waiting for the right conditions, Allen rode a bike around Folkestone for three hours a day, slept eight hours a night and devoted much of the remaining time to packing away enormous meals. A typical Allen dinner consisted of soup, a huge salad, French fries smothered in ketchup, three rolls, two glasses of milk and ice cream.

After one of his periodic test flights, Allen said, "Inattention—not putting out regular power—is the thing that could do me in. If you sink, you've got to pedal faster. About 65 pedal revolutions per minute will keep me going at 11 or 12 mph. But I could overheat. And when you get too hot, you do not put out enough power."

At 5 a.m. on June 12 the weather was the best it had been: a four-knot wind and glassy seas. Allen's support crew spread out in outboard-powered inflatable boats. Two divers in wet suits were ready to go after the pilot if the plane went down. The crash, if it came, likely wouldn't be hazardous—if Allen stopped pedaling, the *Albatross* would settle into the water like a falling handkerchief. "No matter what you do, there's an element of danger," he said, "but the danger for this flight has been minimized." Allen's biggest worry was that rotor wash from press helicopters would batter him into the water, so their pilots had been sternly warned off and *Albatross*' crew stood ready to fire warning flares across the bow of any chopper that strayed too close.

At 5:10 a.m. Allen settled down on his bicycle seat. His runway was a wooden plankway laid atop a concrete quay. And away he rolled—for a few feet. One

of the plastic wheels had edged off the planking and snapped. The wheel was replaced and the plane repositioned. This time—generating the half horsepower he needed for takeoff—Allen pedaled aloft to wild cheering. Pumping at a 70-rpm, 12-mph pace, Allen pointed the long, slender nose away from the white cliffs of Dover and toward France. Everything looked perfect.

It didn't stay that way. As the *Albatross* neared the halfway point, a head wind picked up, increasing to six knots and coming at Allen at a 45° angle. His speed began to fall off. He pedaled faster. Still, the craft lost altitude.

Then came swells in mid-Channel—with the *Albatross* and its laboring power plant clearing some of them by a scant six inches. Inside the cockpit the temperature hit 75°, and Allen's glasses fogged up. Then the whole cockpit began to look like a shower curtain in a steamy bathroom. The soggy atmosphere may be why the transmitter on Allen's two-way radio conked out at that point. He could only receive messages. One of these, from MacCready, said to look out for a supertanker looming ahead. Allen had to make a sweeping course correction that added a mile to his journey.

The wind picked up even more and things began to look even grimmer. "He seemed to be in real distress," said one onlooker. "He was pumping away, but the plane kept sinking."

The rapidly tiring Allen decided to give it up. His stall-out speed was about 9½ mph, and he was hovering near it. "There was wind turbulence and large swells," Allen said afterward. "I was getting lower and lower and pedaling harder and harder. I couldn't transmit on my radio. So I gave hand signals to the rubber boats that I wanted a tow." The contingency plan called for him to get the *Albatross* high enough for a boat to slip underneath; a rope would then be attached and the plane would be towed to France behind the boat, like a glider.

The boats began to maneuver into position. Pedaling more furiously than ever, Allen brought the *Albatross* up to 10 or 15 feet—and suddenly found smoother air. "I waved the boat off," he said. "I thought I could go on for another five minutes. And I just kept going."

But again trouble struck, this time potential engine failure. Allen's right calf cramped up, then his right thigh. He com-

pensated by pumping harder with his left leg—but that leg began to cramp, too. "In the last quarter mile," he said, "my legs started to get useless."

Allen was also out of his on-board supply of water, which he had been drinking from a face-level tube. But Cap Gris-Nez lay ahead and Allen could see it. "Doggone," he said, "I'm just going to make it."

Allen wafted the *Albatross* over the surf, then across a line of rocks, and eased it down onto the beach. Maybe he could have gone another half mile, he said, maybe not. How did it feel? "It feels pretty neat," Allen said.

Within minutes, the Gossamer *Albatross* was dismantled to be carted off to the Paris Air Show. MacCready said he would split the prize among the crew, the biggest share going to Allen, who showed up at a post-flight press conference in a T shirt that read IF THE WIND DON'T BLOW AND THE CHAIN DON'T BREAK... on its front, and CAP GRIS-NEZ OR BUST on the back.

Certainly, it had not been a bust, but did MacCready really think that a new aviation frontier had been opened? The quiet-spoken Yale and Cal Tech graduate—who heads Aerovironment, a firm that makes gasoline-saving aerodynamic "spoilers" for trucks, among other things—wasn't about to be lured into making any ringing declarations for man-powered flight. "In a project like this," he said, "it isn't the final object that is important but the techniques you develop along the way. Seeing how far you can go with the horsepower a person puts out is great mental discipline. On the way you get to think, what if you had a three-horsepower engine. Then you wouldn't need a 96-foot wingspan, but a 45-foot span, and you would have a practical vehicle. You might get a streamlined bicycle on which you could commute at 25 mph without working up a sweat."

Kremer is said to be dreaming up another man-powered flying challenge. MacCready hopes he doesn't bother. Allen agrees. "I've been pretty careful to remind myself that I am who I am," he says. "The notion that suddenly I get across the Channel and—poof—I turn into some sort of media star is kind of repugnant to me. The main feeling I have is just one of 'Oh, boy, Golly, I'm glad that's over.' It's been an incredible event, but it's something I sure don't want to do again."

END

TAKING THE MAINE CHANCE

Rafting down the Kennebec and the Penobscot rivers with Wayne Hockmeyer, a former water-bed salesman, is no somnolent experience **by DAN LEVIN**

Wayne Hockmeyer sat in a little rubber raft one momentous day three years ago and gazed down the wild Kennebec River Gorge in west-central Maine. "You'll be killed," a man shouted to him from a nearby dam abutment, but Hockmeyer knew he had a chance: the state had recently banned log driving from its rivers, so the Kennebec was uncluttered; and Hockmeyer had been a water-bed salesman for five years. He needed all the help he could get and, as the gorge closed in, the raft did feel like a water bed—in a tidal wave. But Hockmeyer survived the hairy run to become New England's first professional rafting guide.

Last year his Northern Whitewater Expeditions took 3,500 adventuresome souls through the gorge as well as down the nearby Penobscot. The customers came from 35 states and pumped more than \$500,000 into the depressed local economy, and that should be just for starters—if the rivers keep flowing. That's the problem. Some people see the Kennebec and the Penobscot and start looking for a raft. Others see the rivers and start counting kilowatts. Two hydroelectric dams have been proposed, and each would turn a splendid stretch of wild river into a lake. One would provide electricity for the Maine public, the other would supply it to a paper mill—and even Hockmeyer turns on the

lights at night to read a newspaper. He always looks for articles about the rafting and the dams.

WARNING: BEFORE LAUNCHING ANY CRAFT PLEASE READ: FOR THE NEXT FEW MILES, THIS RIVER CAN BE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS, AND YOU MAY BE INJURED OR LOSE YOUR LIFE. . .

So reads a sign posted at Harris Station Dam, above the Kennebec River Gorge. "O.K., let's go," said one of Hockmeyer's impatient customers who stood on the riverbank. But Hockmeyer began waving a paddle and shouting, "I don't want to scare anyone, but I can't have people thinking nothing can happen to them. Today's trip will be tremendously exciting. At times you'll be wondering if we're going to make it."

"If you get dumped into the water in the gorge, don't try to swim. The current is 10 miles an hour. You'll just get exhausted, and it'll be downhill very quickly after that. Don't go into a blind panic, thinking you're going to die. Just get on your back with your feet downstream and your mouth shut, and you'll ride it out. It may be two miles and you won't enjoy it, but you'll ride it out."

Hockmeyer paused. The 50 suddenly subdued men and women in wet suits shuffled to a waterside ledge, settled into five 22-foot rubber rafts and paddled into the gorge. Ahead, the river was a torrent; there was no place to stop and re-

consider. The rafts entered the rapids, bouncing like dice in a cup, and the rafters were soon ankle-deep in water. Hockmeyer gestured madly downstream and shouted, "The Three Sisters!"

Then the river entered a narrowing gorge. Three successive stone obstructions kicked up three towering waves. The Sisters. Sister No. 1 is 10 feet tall, and the momentary view the rafters got as they passed her, their raft pitching upward abruptly, was mostly sky. No one saw the second Sister, as necks were snapped back and eyes were snapped shut by the jolting encounter. Water from the third Sister crashed down, projecting the rafts into a seemingly endless alley of three- and four-foot waves. Then, suddenly, the river broadened into a pool, a section Hockmeyer calls "the Cathedral." The gorge walls rose higher, but less vertically. A great dome of sky arched overhead, and a beam of light illuminated the pool, setting the mood for tamer pleasures—intrast water fights and dips in the cool river.

As the rafts drifted together, Hockmeyer spread his arms and said, "Take a good look around you. The Kennebec River is 150 miles long, but this is the last truly wild stretch. Fewer than 4,000 rafters have ever seen what you've seen—the Three Sisters, the Cathedral, the gorge. You'll be telling your grandchildren about this day, and soon it may all be gone, flooded by a dam."

He gestured to where Cold Stream entered the river and said, "This is where Central Maine Power Company wants to build Cold Stream Dam. Has a nice ring, doesn't it?"

A representative of Central Maine Power, which already operates Harris Station Dam and 35 other hydroelectric plants in Maine, has said, "We recognize that there are two sides to this thing. But we're overly dependent on Middle Eastern oil, and there is significant opposition to nuclear plants. Our job is to put forth the best solutions we can find and let the appropriate authorities make the final decisions."

The trip ended at 3 p.m. in the hamlet of The Forks, headquarters for Northern

continued

At the start the Ripogon Gorge is placid, but the Extremist and the Staircase lie ahead.





MAINE CHANCE CONTINUED

Whitewater Expeditions and the first sign of civilization in the 12 miles below Harris Dam. Hockmeyer ferries his Kennebec parties the 20 miles from The Forks to the dam each morning, a 35-minute ride in his wheezy old school bus. He has followed this same routine Monday through Friday during the rafting season (May to September) almost since his first mad solo run. A spokesman for Central Maine Power has said, "We always encouraged boaters and fishermen, but further downstream."

The foaming Ripogenus Gorge on the Penobscot



Hockmeyer had been thinking of guiding fishermen into the gorge, of lowering them over the sides by rope, which is the only way to reach that part of the river without a boat. But when Hockmeyer tested the fishing and found it to be spotty, he decided that profits lay only in rafting. And profits are especially important to him, because he thinks money—for himself and others—clinking into the cash registers of local businesses is the best way to counter the dam builders. Hockmeyer's customers spend

\$150 apiece in Maine for lodging, food and transportation, according to questionnaires he has them fill out. On the bus to The Forks he told the rafters, "We're going to bring back the economy of this area, if we can do it before they get those permits to build the dam."

And if the 40-year-old Hockmeyer's stamina holds up. He had run the Kennebec for five straight days and his voice was fading fast, but at 5:30 on the next morning, Saturday, his weekend schedule began. Central Maine Power usually

stops the water flow at Harris Dam on weekends, so on Saturdays Hockmeyer takes his parties on the much longer ride to the West Branch of the Penobscot.

There is no warning sign for boatmen at the McKay Station powerhouse on the Rapogonus Gorge of the West Branch, just as there are no signs at the start of interstate highways telling people not to play in the traffic. No one but Hockmeyer has guided rafters down the Rapogonus Gorge on a regular basis, though two other Maine companies have begun com-

continued

culminates in the tumultuous Exterminator rapids, where the rafts are at times held back by keeper waves and at times are down the chute end outright



peting with him elsewhere. They run the Kennebec Gorge just as he does, but when they take parties out on the West Branch they put in a little more than a mile downstream from Ripogenus. Now those who had rafted down the Kennebec the previous day were startled to hear Hockmeyer say, "There is an element of danger here that you don't find on the Kennebec. I consider the West Branch to be the toughest river for paddlers in the country." Certainly few rivers are tougher to enter. The rafts were lowered down 80-foot cliffs by rope. Hockmeyer's party clambered down a steep path, and he gave his warning speech, alluding to a fearsome wave he calls the Exterminator, 300 yards from the start.

Ripogenus Gorge is a great foaming gutter, reaching a tumultuous crescendo at the Exterminator. In the early stage of extermination, the rafts swept over a beetling ledge and ran into a wave, sliding up its face and stopping. But their sterns kept on going, mashing the rafters together in narrowing Vs. Then, suddenly, the rafts were bouncing down the Staircase, a 50-yard-long rocky pitch. It felt like a ride down a staircase—on a bicycle. Near the bottom of the Staircase, the West Branch slowed at Little Eddy, and the rafters momentarily lay back and drifted, the inside of their rafts shin-deep in river water. But Little Eddy is where you had better bail, and after Hockmeyer explained that the Troublemaker, a half-mile-long rapid, lay 500 yards ahead, the rafters went madly to work and pails started flying. The Troublemaker seemed to extend for five miles, and a woman reporter trying to take notes was asked, "Do you do winks?" A sneak wave reached up and ripped the tiller out from Hockmeyer's hands, and it bobbed off downstream. "Oh, no," he shouted, "we're in trouble."

Hockmeyer's raft was out of control. It missed a 10-foot drop through a narrow chute, which was the easy way down the next stretch. Instead, it swept down a steep rapid and over a rock onto a "keeper," a wave that curls upstream and can hold a raft forever. That is what the next 10 minutes seemed like. Finally the raft filled with water, settled, and an undecurrent edged it off the keeper. It moved ponderously down a 12-foot chute and five minutes later reached Big Eddy.

Big Eddy is prime landlocked salmon water, and a group of fly-fishermen began waving the rafters away. But any conflict

between the two groups is outweighed by a common goal, the preservation of the West Branch. For most of the past year the Great Northern Paper Company has been testing two places on the river as sites on which to construct a dam to power its mill. A three- or six-mile lake would be created, depending on which of the sites was chosen, and for two years the project has been a cause célèbre in Maine. On one side are Hockmeyer and those who oppose the dam. On the other is Great Northern, one of the state's largest employers, with 4,200 workers and a payroll of \$97.4 million. The company's



When Hockmeyer isn't fighting the rapids on a raft he does his damndest against dams

land holdings, 2.1 million acres, amount to 10% of the state.

Hockmeyer formed the Protect the Kennebec and Penobscot Society and requests that all his customers write Maine newspapers and politicians, protesting construction of any dam. Hundreds of letters have been published, and last July Great Northern announced it was shelving the dam project because it had found a more economical source of power, a boiler that burns waste bark. But the bark boiler provides only 25% of Great Northern's power needs; the rest comes from oil-fired boilers that have been in operation for years. Hence, the announcement concluded, "Obviously, if oil becomes scarce or more expensive... we would have to take another look."

If oil becomes scarce or more expensive?

"If the sun doesn't rise tomorrow," scoffs Rob Gardiner, executive director of the Natural Resources Council of Maine. "That dam proposal will never go away," Gardiner says, "unless the river is designated wild and scenic."

Former Governor James D. Longley could have designated the West Branch for protection under the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. That would have blocked the building of any dam forever, but it also would have brought in the federal government, a boogeyman to most Maine outdoorsmen, to oversee the area. The present governor, Joseph E. Brennan, also could request that the West Branch be included among wild and scenic rivers, but that action seems unlikely.

By New England standards, both the Kennebec and the Penobscot are uniquely suited for rafting; and the West Branch may also be the country's finest stream for landlocked salmon, a glorious game fish, especially in moving water. Moving water seems to make everything more interesting. Of course, your nerves must be equal to the task. One night last spring Eddie Reif, a noted flytier from Bangor, Maine was in a rowboat, casting dry flies on Big Eddy. A salmon hit, and in what seemed like two seconds the fish was out of the water 40 feet downstream, near a rapids. "He was a seven-pounder," Reif recalls, "and I had to stop him. So I put the rod in my teeth and rowed like a madman to the downstream end of the eddy. But he was well down the rapids by then, and just as I was beaching the boat, he got to the end of the bucking and broke away. My teeth were sore for days."

Clearly fast-water salmon fishermen are no more in control than rafters. Perhaps that is what brings them both back to the West Branch. Now on Big Eddy the rafts moved very slowly; in truth, on most white-water streams the moments of frenzy are relatively brief, though complaints about the brevity are never heard. Nearing a terrifying part of a river, the rafters' concentration is total; after surviving such a stretch, they are buoyed through slow periods by its memory.

The river now turned sharply left, above Big Ambegackmockamus Falls, and Hockmeyer announced that after his first run down them two years ago he found a mangled canoe half a mile below the falls, and a body a short distance downstream. Farther on, below Nesowadnehunk Falls (pronounced Sowda-

hunk), the rafts drifted across a quiet pool. Neither of the West Branch dams that are supposedly *not* going to be built would flood the river this far down, and that was nice to know.

Half a dozen weary rafters rolled into the river and bobbed quietly downstream, until Abol Falls appeared. The rapids here were very long, with sudden drops, and unique, as all rapids are, but fatigue was beginning to blur the distinctions. It was 3:30 p.m. and the eight-hour trip was almost ended. By the time the rafters started down the last rapids, Pockwockamus Falls, the rapids seemed like old friends. Hockmeyer has planned the length of his trips well. Soon everyone stepped out and dragged the rafts and themselves into a clear backwater. The place had a sandy bottom, and everyone lingered there, floating in the cool shallows, tired and content, not wanting to leave. Finally the rafts were loaded on a trailer, and the 15-mule, half-hour trek back to camp began.

Hockmeyer stood at the front of the bus, his eyelids drooping. Nothing has ever tired him as much as the rafting business. But nothing had ever mattered as much, certainly not his studies at Tufts University in Boston, where he dropped out as a sophomore. And certainly not the \$2 million water-bed business he ran in Boston seven years ago and sold for \$80,000. "I hated it," he says, "the lying and the cheating, and I hated the city." He wanted to be in Maine, to hunt and fish, to be around rivers. Now that he is finally there, he wonders how long the rivers will last. So he told the rafters on the bus about his campaign to save the Kennebec and the West Branch. "I don't object to society saying it has to produce all kinds of goods and jobs," he said. "But I do object when it starts to destroy the beautiful things of this earth, the things that no man can create, and no man and no society can create a Kennebec Gorge, or a Ripogenus Gorge."

Even if the dams eventually are built, the rafting will go on for quite a while. The logs are gone for good. For too many years they interfered with boat traffic, and the rotting bark would sink to the bottom and deplete the river's oxygen, killing fish. Now the logs are taken downstream on flatbed trucks, smoke belching, gears low and deafening. It is an imperfect world, even in the wilds of Maine, where the woods and the rivers are never at peace.

END



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by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

ONLY WITH REAL MONEY



There are 94 pari-mutuel harness tracks in the U.S. and Canada—places where all kinds of money can be won or lost—but there is only one money machine, and that is the Meadowlands, situated just across the Hudson River from New York City. The track opened on Sept. 1, 1976, and at the time a lot of industry insiders were sure it would fail. Instead, it has been a thundering success. The impact of the Meadowlands—big purses, big attendance and big handle—has been felt by tracks all across the country. Prices paid for horses have soared, and the whole sport has been jumping since The Machine got cranking. A distinct new breed of owners has emerged—men and women who spend big money on horses, which race to win big money at the Meadowlands, which excites the bettors and encourages the wagering of even more money, which allows purses to be raised, which lures more new breed owners to the Meadowlands . . . and so on. Where have you gone, E. Roland Harriman?

What mainly distinguishes the new breed from the old—the sprinkling of aristocrats, the masters and mistresses of the influential breeding farms, the driver-trainer movers and shakers of the Del Miller stripe—is this: the new breed cares a whole lot about winning a whole lot of money too sweet.

Take Ed and Jeanette Freidberg of Far Hills, N.J. When they got into the business in the pre-Meadowlands' days of 1974, they went 10 months and were on their third horse before

continued

Kristen's Bullet cost Ed and Jeanette Freidberg \$50,000 in 1978. He has earned more than \$200,000 for them

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVELYN FLORET

they won their first race. Jeanette was appalled that it took so long. "Ed has always had such great luck that I figured he'd be lucky in this," she says.

Turns out he is. In little more than two years of racing at the Meadowlands, the Fredbergs have won more than \$800,000; they are considered the most successful new breed owners at the track. Still, Ed insists, "With a little competence, there's not that great amount of luck involved."

Ed Freidberg is a 43-year-old attorney who specializes in malpractice suits. Indeed, he has represented the plaintiffs in 40 malpractice suits against a single Sacramento (Calif.) physician. To date Freidberg's clients have collected more than \$11 million from the man—of which Freidberg himself has reportedly received some \$4 to \$5 million in fees. Not bad considering that at one time he told an insurance company that he would not file any more suits against the doctor if it settled five of the cases for \$1 million.

Until last month the Freidbergs lived in Sacramento and commuted to the Meadowlands. Now that they are domiciled but a canter away from the track, Ed commutes weekly to Sacramento to look after his law practice.

The Freidbergs are perfectly willing to take big risks with the money they have accumulated in order to put a little zest in their lives. "Six or seven years ago, there was a lull in my life," Ed says. "I thought, 'Why should I make more? What purpose is there?' We owned a lot of real estate but it gave me no pleasure to drive past a building and say, 'I own that.' Money became a burden. Then we got into horses. Now I want to make more money at law so I can buy more horses. It's like playing Monopoly all the time, only with real money. It's all pleasurable. And if more people realized what a deal it could be, oh, my."

"This is instant thrill," says Jeanette. "We're not afraid to put our money where our mouth is."

Ed agrees, but with a cautionary word. "I'm not interested in just throwing money away," he says. "Anybody can lose money. I'm spending it on horses because suddenly, with the Mead-

owlands, it's a sensible investment. I have good judgment as a lawyer, so why wouldn't I have it on horses?" It never bothers this member of the new breed that a few years ago he didn't know the difference between a harness race and a relay race.

Besides the prospect of making money, racing provides excitement. "If they didn't have winner's circle pictures, we wouldn't be in the business," Ed says. He says that in the rush to their first winner's circle, Jeanette "knocked this old man off the escalator." She says, "I only gave him a little encouragement to move along."

After trying times with other trainers, the Fredbergs are overjoyed at present with trainer-driver Lew Williams, largely because of Williams' insistence that they buy last year's sensation, Whata Baron, who ripped off 10 victories in a row en route to season winnings of \$234,650. Whata Baron is now at stud on a farm in Cream Ridge, N.J., owned by fellow new breeder Ed Mullen. Mullen, a Newark paperboard executive, spent \$310,000 for a yearling named Cool Wind last fall—the second-highest price ever paid for a standardbred yearling—on the

blithe assumption that "he could be a racehorse."

The Fredbergs' first big break came in 1976. They paid \$60,000 for a mare named Native Amber and planned to race her in California. But because she was in the East, they decided to try her once at Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. Going off at 25 to 1, she finished second. Though the Fredbergs were novices, they were not so green as to be oblivious to the money that was being offered at the Meadowlands. They yanned Amber over to Jersey, and in 161 races she won \$195,823.

Today the 15-horse Fredberg stable is considered the best at the track. Ed's idea of a successful owner is "the guy who puts in the least and makes the most," perhaps a quaint notion for a new breeder but one not unfamiliar on Wall Street. The most Fredberg has spent for a yearling is \$50,000—small potatoes. He did pay \$150,000 for one broodmare, but even that figure turns no heads these days. All together, the Fredbergs own 92 horses. Says Ed, "With horses, always plan on spending more than you expect. It's a never-ending drain."

In his law office are a miniature castle encrusted with gold and diamonds, a suit of armor ("In one of Ed's earlier lives, he thinks he was a prince," says Jeanette), a desk set made in Poland and a timepiece with an engraving of Dan Patch—the legendary standardbred—on the back. "See how I was floundering to collect something?" he says. Collecting horses has turned out to be so much fun that the Fredbergs want to do more of it. They recently purchased 472 acres of New Jersey land less than an hour from the Meadowlands, property that includes the Old York Country Club—a nice place for a horse farm. The price tag: \$2.5 million.

Few names fit their bearers better than Wild Bill fits Perretti. He is blustery and outrageous and loud. He owns four Chrysler-Plymouth dealerships in northern New Jersey. Wild Bill says, "I used to be the biggest dealer in the country. Probably still am." (Asked about this, a Chrysler Corporation spokesman says,

continued



"If a horse is junk," says car dealer Perretti, "get rid of it fast."



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"Well, he might have been biggest at one time, maybe, but he's not now, for sure." "Who cares?" sniffs Perretti.)

Wild Bill didn't just edge into the harness business last fall, he positively plunged. Within a couple of months, he spent \$524,000. It all started, he said, holding forth at the Meadowlands restaurant, when he went to the World Series last October and thought, "My God, I'm 51 and I've lost touch with reality. Here was everybody screaming and yelling. It reminded me of the gladiators. It felt like the Roman Empire. I needed a chariot. So I thought I'll buy a few trotters, pacers—whatever they're called. You know, those horses that pull those carts." One of his purchases was Ata Sea Skipper, a top 2-year-old, for \$230,000.

How much were you prepared to spend, Bill?

"No more than \$160,000." He immediately changed the name of the colt to Wild Bill's Skipper. Of course Do people like you, Bill?

"Certainly not. I'm intimidating." Who advises you on horses?

"Nobody. I listen only to myself." Know anybody in the business?

"Nope. And the less I have to do with them the better, because then they can't try to impose their thinking on me."

Nice car you have.

"Yeah, Jaguar, \$23,000. Used to have a Rolls convertible but I sold it."

Why?

"I don't like ostentatious things."

Do you expect to win?

"I'm gonna win. I'll go big. That's my style. If a horse ain't a winner, get rid of him. Horses are just like used cars. If they are junk, you have to get rid of them fast. Horses are not a matter of luck. They're a matter of skillful business practices. And when you've got as much money as I do in them, it's a business."

Would you be in harness racing if it weren't for the Meadowlands?

"Certainly not."

If you have a bad year with the horses, will you get out?

"I'm not a quitter and I don't have bad years."

But isn't it a tough business?

"I think it's the easiest business I've ever been in. All you have to do is watch the blood."

But make believe you might lose.

"If I lose money, you won't see me around. But I ain't gonna lose. Can't you

get that through your head? This ain't the sport of kings, it's the sport of bucks. I got the bucks."

Is it fun being rich?

"Money is freedom."

What makes you successful?

"I don't think small and I don't run with the cattle. Life is horses, bread, booze and food. I'm a classy guy, a piece of work. And I bet you thought you were done meeting different kinds of people."

"My thing is the horse business. I was the hottest thing in the car business. Now I'm gonna be the hottest thing in the horse business. It belongs to me. I own it."

He summons the captain, gives him \$20 and instructs him to bet Argyel Laddie, a Perretti-owned horse. The grateful captain bows his leave and Perretti crows, "Do I have a touch or don't I?"

It's not that Leon Machiz, who lives in Kings Point on Long Island, is any less a character than Perretti; he's just a little quieter. Not long ago in London, he came upon a BBC-TV crew filming a street program on ear wiggling. Machiz, who is 54, informed the BBC reporter that he was the ear-wiggling champ of the world. He said, "If I had a run-

way, I could take off. I have a retractable car."

"The new breed," says Machiz, "is the guy who spends a quarter of a million on a horse and is relaxed about it. The old breed might buy a cheap horse, then go bet \$20 or \$30 on him to win to try to make some money—and be uptight about it." Machiz' jaunty optimism qualifies him as a new breeder, although he has been in the business a little longer than most. He got the wherewithal by selling an electronics firm he owned to a conglomerate.

"I never thought I'd pay a quarter of a million for one horse," he says. "But that's been the problem with harness racing. Until the Meadowlands, they never dreamed big enough." Why does Machiz go in for the horses? "Indulgence is fun. After all, hedonism is to gorge yourself, regurgitate, then gorge yourself again. I just want to be in the arena."

Last fall Machiz sprung for \$285,000 for a yearling named Captain Caution at the Tattersalls sale. "He'll probably disappoint me," says Captain Nonchalant. In 1977 he paid \$260,000 for Escape Artist, then the record for a yearling, and that one has yet to light up the track.

Nevertheless, Machiz says. "I'm not

continued



Machiz, here with wife Loraine, doesn't intend to look idiotic "by spending a lot of money and losing."



Shegerian had a \$135,000 misunderstanding with his father over the price of a certain yearling.

in the sport to look like an idiot by spending a lot of money and losing." That is what the new breed fears most—looking silly. Machiz' wife, Lorraine, who shares in the ownership of the Machiz horses, says, "There's nothing frivolous about the way Lee spends his money. He doesn't put on a new blazer, light up a big cigar—God forbid—and keep raising his hand."

A few years ago, Machiz spent \$88,000 at Harrisburg for a pacer named Say Hello. "After I did that," he recalls, "I had a hollow feeling in my stomach. After all, I had just spent more for Say Hello than anyone else in the world was willing to pay." That Say Hello had career earnings of \$189,257 and was syndicated for \$1.5 million helped chase away hollow feelings right smartly. "In business, making money is fun," says Machiz. "In horses, being in the business is fun."

In Machiz' view much of that fun consists of racing at the Meadowlands. "There can never be another track that has the impact of the Meadowlands," he

says. "I never would have spent the money I did on Escape Artist or Captain Cautious if the Meadowlands hadn't been there. If other tracks aren't trying to figure out how to be like the Meadowlands, they ought to be. If you have horses good enough to race at the Meadowlands, that makes you a dignified owner."

And maybe a winner. "A good loser is a schmuck," says Machiz.

"When I'm in competition, I don't want to just beat the other guys, I want to bury them," John Shegerian is saying in his Carlstadt, N.J. office. He is the president of a printing firm. The Meadowlands is visible from his desk.

"When I got into the horse business two years ago, I don't know nothin'," says Shegerian. There are some who say Shegerian has more dollars than sense. Last year he spent \$385,000—the most ever paid for any standardbred, apart from stud syndication—to buy a yearling named Cobra Almahurst. Already there are rumors, like one that

says Cobra is a wonderful colt but a little slow.

"All big spending means," says Shegerian, "is that instead of being 1,000 to 1 to win a big race, now I'm 100 to 1." But Cobra's price was a little heady even for him, because he had set a limit of \$250,000. Shegerian was home in bed watching TV when his father, who had gone to the sale to bid on the yearling for him, called.

"John, we just bought him," the elder Shegerian hollered.

"How much?"

"\$385,000."

"No, Pop, you mean \$285,000."

"No, John, 3-8-5-0-0-0."

"Oh my God, are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure. Everybody is taking my picture and asking how come we spend so much."

John Shegerian remained unconvinced until he called the sales office and asked who had bought Cobra. Said the voice, "He was bought for \$385,000 by John Shegerian of Carlstadt, N.J."

Shegerian, a member of a family of six, grew up in a four-room apartment on East 29th Street in New York, where he would leave notes for his parents in the venetian blinds that read, "I want a horse." Now he has 38 of them. In 1978 his operation cost more than \$1 million.

Shegerian snorts at the figure, claiming to see no downside whatsoever to the business. Even supposing that Cobra Almahurst never makes it to the races, he's certain the horse can pay for himself and much more at stud. "With his breeding and conformation," he says, "there's no way I can lose." But if it's such a great deal, why doesn't everybody do it? "The problem is this," says Shegerian. "Can you raise your hand and sign the check?"

Shegerian figures he'll spend \$500,000 on a yearling at this year's fall sales, maybe more. "I'll buy the best," he says. "You just come watch." Told that Perretti says the same thing, he replies, "We're gonna show Perretti. We're gonna show them all. By next year I'm gonna have the top 12 horses in the country. That's all I want. I'm gonna write history. And that's not a promise, it's the truth. The reason I'll do all this is I'm a sore loser."

"What do you think life is all about? You got to get what you want quick. We're gonna be dead for a long time."

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Could Les have done more?

Rookie Manager Les Moss forged a winning record in Detroit, but the Tigers fired him in favor of Sparky Anderson

Les Moss would fit right in among the stereotypes hanging on the walls at Cooperstown. He blends well with the furniture in hotel lobbies. His ears are floppy and he wears wire-rimmed spectacles. His skin is leathery, and there are gouges in his face. He is a former catcher; his gnarled hands reveal his old trade. He usually holds a Dixie cup in one of them to catch his sprays of liquefied snuff. He has spent 35 of his 54 summers in organized baseball, trying to get someplace. During that time he has ridden a lot of buses that made stops in Americus, Elmira, Savannah, Lynchburg, Shreveport, Montgomery and Evansville.

He caught for 13 years in the major leagues, most of them with the hapless St. Louis Browns and the Chicago White Sox. In 1959, the year Bill Veeck's Sox won the pennant, Moss was sent back to the minors. There he spent the next two decades hoping that someday he would become a major league manager.

"Anybody who's been around as long as I have wants it," Moss says. "Some players like to get away from the game. I wanted to stay. If you want to stay in uniform, you want to manage if you can't play. Ten or 15 years ago, yes, I thought more about the major leagues. But after you've been with minor league clubs for so long, you say it'll be fine if it comes along. But you don't expect it."

Last September the Detroit Tigers unexpectedly appointed Moss as their manager for 1979. He had worked with most of the young Tigers when they played in Detroit's minor league system, and the promotion to the big league club was a reward for years of faithful service. Besides, there was a vacancy. Ralph Houk, the Tiger manager for five seasons, had quit.

Moss doesn't have an awful lot to say. After Detroit victories, all he would say to the hungry press was, "That was a

dandy." And his baseball face would erupt into a sunshine smile.

Last week, after a major league managerial career of 53 games, Moss was summoned to the executive suite at Tiger Stadium. Jim Campbell, the Detroit president and general manager, told Moss he had been fired. In the tradition of managerial dismissals, Moss was offered another position in the organization. Predictably, he accepted it.

Moss, though, was not fired for the traditional reason. He had not failed. His young team had won 11 of its previous 16 games and had a 27-26 record. The unpretentious Moss was fired so the Tigers could hire the ebullient—and hugely successful—Sparky Anderson, who had been given a pink slip by Cincinnati last November.

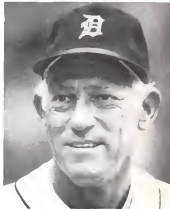
"I got information that Sparky was ready to go to work and that he was talking to another club," Campbell says. "I don't know what team it was that wanted him as manager. I wouldn't ask him that. But when I heard he was ready to go to work, I had to act. Had Sparky not been available, we wouldn't have changed managers."

Anderson had won four pennants in nine years with the Reds, and his name is rumored to have been atop the list of possible managerial replacements in New York and San Francisco and a bunch of places in between. He says half a dozen clubs had contacted him during his exile, but he won't identify them.

"I thought I'd sit out the entire season at home in California," Anderson said after arriving in Detroit last Thursday. "It wasn't tough until the Reds came out to Los Angeles late in May. Once I



The Tigers won 11 of their last 16 under Moss, but lost their first three under Anderson



continued

was down on the field, sat in the dugout and talked with all the players, it brought a lot of things back. I began getting very itchy. By June 1st my wife could see it coming. I listened harder to the Angels' and Dodgers' games. Before, I'd listen for a few innings and go do other things. By the 18th of June, I would have made a decision whether to go with another club. I can say I had an offer. But I won't say from whom."

Campbell telephoned Anderson on Monday morning, June 11, at his home in Thousand Oaks. They talked half a dozen times that day. During the last call, Anderson agreed to manage the Tigers through the 1984 season. His contract will pay him \$110,000 this season and, with annual increases, will escalate to an estimated \$160,000 in 1984.

On Monday night a fretting Campbell was unable to sleep. He rehearsed the words he would use to tell Moss he was fired 53 games into his one-year, \$55,000 contract. Moss was called to the front office at 1 p.m. on Tuesday. Campbell wondered whether to close the door or leave it open. At last, he shut it.

"Les, I've got to tell you something that's not too pleasant," Campbell said. "We're changing managers. I'm bringing Sparky Anderson in to run the club."

Moss looked at Campbell, soft blue eyes peering stoically through the wire-rimmed glasses. "Well, that's baseball," he said finally.

"I know I didn't give you much of a chance," said Campbell.

"I would have liked to have one full year at it," Moss said.

Most of the Tiger players seemed genuinely stunned by Moss' abrupt dismissal. Pitcher John Hiller, who has played for nine managers in Detroit, said, "I feel personally responsible. If I'd have pitched better, he might not have gotten fired." Infielder Mark Wagner said, "I can't even try to understand it. Les went out a winner. We were 27-26, weren't we? He always has been a winner as far as I'm concerned."

Only Outfielder Ron LeFlore, whom Moss had benched for disciplinary reasons one night this season, was critical of Moss. "There's a great amount of talent here and it wasn't used like it should have been," LeFlore said. "Maybe he wasn't forceful enough to manage up here."

Three days later Moss reflected on his dismissal at his modest rented house in

a workingman's section of Detroit's east side. Baseball memorabilia dominated the decor in the living room. In the kitchen, his wife Carol packed their belongings into cardboard boxes for the homebound drive to Florida. Their German shepherd barked at a visitor from the driveway.

"I've been an organization man all my life," Moss said. "I'm not bitter. This was one of those things. It's part of the business. I always said there's no sympathy in baseball. I'll scout National League clubs the rest of this year. If I get another big league job, I'll jump at it. I'd like to manage in the big leagues. If I don't get a job, I'll work my tail off for the organization—like I have for 35 years."

Moss was asked if he resented that he had been fired only because Anderson was available.

"That goes right back to what I said," he said, smiling a little. "That's baseball. They had a chance to get this guy."

When Anderson took charge on Thursday night, he received a standing ovation from the crowd at Tiger Stadium. He stepped out of the dugout and waved his cap in salute to the fans. In the ensuing hours he would guide the Tigers to the first of three straight losses.

That night Moss went out of the house for the first time since he had been fired. He watched a slow-pitch softball game.

out six Phillies as he became only the seventh major leaguer to record 2,800 strikeouts. Mike LaCoss won his eighth game without defeat by a 4-1 score over New York, lowering his ERA to 2.33, best among league starters. LaCoss left the game after the fifth inning because of a sore elbow. Injuries also plagued Ken Griffey, Ray Knight and Paul Blair.

San Diego (3-3) beat Pittsburgh 6-3 for Gaylord Perry. It was Perry's third straight victory and 273rd overall, tying him with Red Ruffing for 17th on the all-time list. But Perry was more concerned about his team's low standing. "We need improvement," he said. "We have only an outside shot unless we make a trade." Two days later the Padres traded Mike Hargrove, a career .288 hitter but a .192 bat in 1979, to Cleveland for Paul Dade, who had been batting .282 for the Indians.

Joe Niekro got his ninth straight victory and his 10th of the season—10th in the league—as Houston (3-3) beat Philadelphia 4-3 and clung to the division lead. Outfielder Terry Pitts and First Baseman Cesar Cedeno batted .385 and .380 respectively, and Shortstop Craig Reynolds had nine hits in 24 at bats. Another shortstop, Pepe Frias of Atlanta (1-5), went 11 for 21 at the plate to brighten an otherwise dismal week. In all, the Braves committed 13 errors, including two on one play, to raise their league-leading total to 86. And Manager Bobby Cox was so upset by an 11th-inning loss in which Montreal's winning run was walked in that he threw things around in his office and came away with a cut on his head. "I don't know what happened," Cox said. "Something bounced off something. I guess."

Los Angeles (2-4) hit a healthy .287 but Dodger opponents hit an even healthier .309 and outscored the defending league champions 42-33. Don Sutton lost twice, and excluding Terry Forster, the relief corps was shellacked for 14 runs in 13½ innings. "It's evident we need help in the bullpen," said Davey Lopes on the eve of the June 15 trading deadline. It came and went without a deal for a reliever.

HOUS 38-26 CIN 35-28 SF 32-33
LA 30-36 SD 30-37 ATL 22-41

THE WEEK

(June 10-16)
by MIKE DELNAGRO

NL WEST "We've had one of the worst spells a team can have. But we're together and loose, and that's why we'll be there when it comes down to the end." So said Jack Clark after San Francisco (4-2) beat Pittsburgh to end a skid in which the Giants lost 11 of 14 games. Clark led all San Francisco batters with 10 hits and eight RBIs, and Willie McCovey slugged four home runs, giving him a career total of 516, five fewer than Ted Williams, who is eighth on the all-time list. John Montefusco, sidelined 54 days with a nerve irritation in his pitching arm, returned and yielded just six hits and one run in five innings against Chicago, and Bob Kaeper threw a nine-hitter to beat the Cubs 7-2.

"That's as good as I can pitch," said Tom Seaver of Cincinnati (3-3) after he defeated Philadelphia 6-3 on a six-hitter. Seaver struck

NL EAST Montreal (4-2) regained first place, thanks mainly to a three-game sweep of Atlanta. Steve Rogers won one of the games against the Braves with a six-hitter. Tony Perez went 8 for 13 for the series, and the Expos twice came from behind to win. Still, Manager Dick Williams was unhappy because Montreal's flailing offense produced not a single home run during a five-game stretch. So he dropped André Dawson, who had struck out 43 times in 52 games, from leadoff to No. 3 in the batting order and shifted Warren Cromartie, who had only 22 RBIs in 54 games, from No. 3 to lead-off. No help. Cromartie got just one hit and

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scored only one run in four games, and Dawson went 1 for 4 in the clutch. So feeble were Expo bats that after Gary Carter hit four singles—none of them a hot smash—against Houston, his teammates facetiously stacked bats in his locker. Some Expos weren't thinking too well, either. Rodney Scott walked with the bases loaded to force in the game-winning run in the ninth inning against Atlanta, but after taking ball four, he strotted toward the dugout. Williams remarked, jokingly to Scott that he had to touch first base, which he finally did. He had stepped into the dugout or touched a teammate before reaching first, he would've been called out. "I don't know what I was thinking," Scott said. "I just figured the game was over."

Silvio Martinez of St. Louis (2-4) allowed only six hits in eight innings and beat San Diego 3-2, but in five other games the Cardinal starters were shelled. In those outings, Martinez, Bob Sykes, John Denny, Bob Forsch and Pete Vuckovich lasted 23 innings and were racked for 39 hits and 28 earned runs. Their collective ERA was 10.95. They seemed to be doing their damndest to make a prophet of former Cardinal Reggie Smith, now a Dodger, who earlier in the week had said, "If St. Louis doesn't win its division, it'll be because of the pitching." Smith wasn't the only ex-Card who found a St. Louis weakness. San Francisco's John Curtis, another former Cardinal, pitched his first complete game in two years and beat St. Louis 6-1. Ted Simmons, who batted .311 and belted three home runs, said, "The Man gave me good looks and you don't mess with The Man." He wasn't referring to Mustaf.

Pittsburgh (2-4), which has had a sub-.500 record out West every season since 1974, launched its first 1979 trip to the Coast by losing three straight to San Diego. The Pirates scored only six runs in the three defeats. But then the Pirates beat Los Angeles twice as Omar Moreno singled home two runs in a 6-2 win and hit a three-run home run in a 6-3 victory.

Second Baseman Manny Trillo, who had missed 40 games with a fractured left forearm, returned to the Philadelphia (3-3) lineup and doubled to spark a game-winning rally against Cincinnati. Nino Espinosa and Randy Lerch pitched complete-game wins over Houston, but the Phillies' woes persisted. In none of their six games did they score more than four runs, and their team batting average was just .217. The principal strugglers were Pete Rose (4 for 19), Mike Schmidt (4 for 18) and Greg Luzinski (0 for 16), who ended up the week on the bench.

Pitching and hot-hitting shortstops boosted New York (4-2) and Chicago (5-1). The Mets beat Atlanta twice, on a two-hitter by Craig Swan and a three-hitter by Kevin Kobel, and Shortstop Frank Tompa batted .333 for the week and clubbed a two-run double during a team-record 10-run inning that led to a 12-6

defeat of Cincinnati. Chicago Shortstop Ivan DeJesus, who had 14 hits in 26 at bats, batted safely in all six Cub games. Chicago relievers Willie Hernandez, Duck Tidlow and Bruce Sutter made a total of nine appearances and got three wins and three saves. In all they pitched 12½ scoreless innings and gave up just four hits. The most unyielding of the three was Sutter, who got win No. 2 and saves Nos. 13 and 14.

**MONT 34-23ST, L 32-25PHIL 32-29
PITT 30-28CHI 29-29NY 25-33**

AL EAST "I'm taking over what I think is the finest young talent in baseball," said new Manager Anderson when he arrived in Detroit (4-3). "I see things on this club that I saw when we were starting out in Cincinnati." Meanwhile, the young talent was doing just fine. 22-year-old Pat Underwood gave up just six hits and struck out eight in defeating Oakland and was 2-0, 24-year-old Steve Kemp, a .348 hitter, rapped out eight hits in 24 at bats, and 24-year-old Jason Thompson cranked three home runs. Ron LeFlore, 27, the oldest Tiger regular, went 12 for 31 at the plate, raising his batting average to .309.

First-place Baltimore (4-1) got complete-game victories from Dennis Martinez and Scott McGregor and a win and a save from Reliever Tim Lincecum, who allowed just three hits and no runs in 7½ innings. Al Bumbry had eight hits in 18 at bats, including a two-run pinch single in McGregor's 6-0 win over Chicago and a tie-breaking two-run triple in the ninth inning of a 6-5 defeat of Minnesota. It was the third time in five games that Baltimore scored the winning run in its last at bat. "We just seem to come up with whatever it takes to win," said Bumbry.

Boston (4-2) fell 1½ games behind the Orioles, though Dennis Eckersley notched his sixth and seventh victories, including a four-hit shutout of Minnesota. He also defeated Chicago 11-5 bolstering their bench. The Red Sox acquired Kansas City Outfielder Tom Ponzetti and Houston slugger Bob Watson, and sent George (Play-Me-Or-Trade-Me) Scott to the Royals. "I'm rising to go," said Watson. "Some people wrote me off, and I want to rectify a few things." Scott was happy, too. "Usually when you demand to be traded," he said, "you wind up at Oakland."

Milwaukee (3-3) General Manager Harry Dalton and New York (3-3) Owner George Steinbrenner both were steaming. The Brewers were shelled for 21 hits in a 13-3 loss to Chicago, and then pitchers Larry Sorensen and Jerry Augustine combined to turn a ninth-inning, 6-4 lead into a 7-6 loss. Two nights later Milwaukee blew an 11-2 lead over Kansas City and lost, 14-11. Brewer Manager George Bamberger called it his worst experience in baseball. "What can I do?" he asked. "I can jump off a bridge or stand here. I'll

stand here." Said Dalton, "I'm going to go to the clubhouse and borrow Bamberger's razor." A bright note for Bamberger and Dalton was Bill Travers, who went the distance in beating Texas 6-2; he has given up just six earned runs in his last 42 innings.

After Cy Young winner Ron Gaudry suffered a severely strained back that will sideline him indefinitely, Steinbrenner showed up in Minnesota just in time to see the Yankees lose their second straight to the Twins. When he saw Texas beat his team the next night, he pressed the trade button and Cliff Johnson, a .266 hitter this season, was traded to Cleveland and Jay Johnstone, who was batting .208, was sent to San Diego. Then, returning to New York, Steinbrenner concluded that Bob Lemon would have to go, so he replaced by none other than Billy Martin. Amid the confusion, rookie Reliever Ron Davis got his fourth and fifth victories.

Champane flowed in Cleveland (5-1) after the Indians beat Oakland 2-1 to reach 500. "The next bump is 600," said Jim Norris, whose ninth-inning triple drove home the tying and winning runs. For the week the Indians batted .302 as Bobby Bonds went 11 for 28, Toby Harrah 10 for 27 and Ron Pruitt 6 for 9. In one stretch the Indians won four games in their last at bat.

Pitchers Dave Lemanczyk and Tom Underwood of Toronto (4-4) had banner weeks. Lemanczyk shut out Seattle 2-0 and beat Oakland 3-2 to raise his record to 7-3. Underwood shut out Oakland 2-0 to raise his record to 1-9—and end a 15-game losing streak that dated to Aug. 8, 1978.

**BALT 40-22BOS 38-23ML 35-30NY 34-30
CLEV 32-30DET 29-29TOR 20-46**

AL WEST Injuries continued to plague the Angels. Frank Tompa, missing a sore arm, was removed from the starting rotation indefinitely; Pitcher Chris Knapp, sidelined since June 4 with a herniated disc, was declared out for the year, and Catcher Terry Humphrey tore a muscle in making a throw to second and ended up on the 21-day disabled list. Nonetheless, with California batters bashing out 96 hits in 294 at bats (.326) and scoring 66 runs, the Angels won five of seven games and stretched their divisional lead to five games. Hot bats belonged to Carney Lansford (12 for 37), Don Baylor (10 for 33) and Don Ford (15 for 32). Hotter still were Willie Mays Aikens (413), Brian Downing (517 and 14 RBIs) and Bobby Grich, who went 13 for 31 and hit three home runs. "We're just reaching back," said Grich in an understatement. "We're playing like a bunch of pros."

Chicago was only 3-3, but that was a welcome performance, because all the divisions' other teams, except the Angels, had losing records. Milt May and Chet Lemon cracked two-run homers in a 13-3 victory over Milwaukee.

continued

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BASEBALL continued

Lemon and Junior Moore hit two-run singles in a seven-run inning that doomed Baltimore 12-4, and Mike Squires singled, doubled and laid down a perfect suicide squeeze bunt for four RBIs that helped crush Boston 8-5.

Minnesota (2-3) and Texas (2-3) slipped to five games and 5½ games behind California. Hoping to shore up their pitching, the Rangers traded away Dock Ellis (1-5), sent Doyle Alexander, who was tagged by Milwaukee for eight hits and four runs in 3½ innings of a 6-2 loss, to the bullpen and traded for John Henry Johnson, Oakland's winningest pitcher in 1978. "Last year we kept saying we'd right ourselves, but we never did," said Outfielder Al Oliver. "We can't think that way now or we're going to come up short again." Minnesota took two of three games from New York, one on Dave Edwards' first big league home run and the other on Butch Wynegar's three-run double. A large delegation of fans from Waseca, Minn., was on hand to see Wynegar's hit. It was at a Lions Club meeting there last September that Twins owner Calvin Griffith ripped into Wynegar, saying that marriage had adversely affected his play.

On June 15 Seattle (3-4) was wallowed 13-3 by Cleveland, continuing a midmonth

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

WILLIE MAYS AIKENS: Barring .413, the Angel first baseman knocked in 14 runs and, on two consecutive days, hit bases-loaded homers—the first grand slams in back-to-back games by an American Leaguer since 1962.

pattern of lopsided losses that is fast becoming an unhappy tradition. On the 15th of March the Mariners gave up eight runs in an exhibition win over San Diego; on April 15 they were beaten 18-6 by Minnesota; and on May 15 they yielded nine runs to Kansas City. That's 48 runs and 55 hits that Seattle has given up on the last four Fateful Fifteenths.

Kansas City (2-4) escaped a winless week by rallying in two games that appeared to be lost. Trailing Boston 6-4 with two out in the ninth inning, Willie Wilson popped a routine fly to left that fell between Jim Rice and Fred Lynn. Then Steve Braun homered to tie the game. In the 10th, Al Cowens drove in George Brett with a sacrifice fly to win it. Three nights later, the Royals trailed Milwaukee 11-2 in the fourth inning and were still losing 11-5 before scoring eight runs in the ninth for a 14-11 victory. The crusher was Wilson's three-run fly-ball inside-the-park home run, his fourth homer of the year. Three have been inside-the-park jobs. Dave Hamilton, a surprise starter, beat Toronto 12-1 for floundering Oakland (1-6), which has lost 13 of its last 14 games.

CAL 40-28 MNN 32-28 KC 34-30 TEX 33-30
CHS 30-32 SEA 29-40 OAK 18-46



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Step right up and say howdy

No mistaking them anymore: the U.S. teams are the ones in the white hats

As happens with things put together by committee, U.S. Olympic parade uniforms have long been polyester city. At opening and closing ceremonies the Soviets have appeared in rich Siberian furs, the Spanish in bullfighter capes, the Canadians in Hudson's Bay coats. But the U.S. athletes? Tacky! The best you could say about their uniforms was that they had touches of red, white and blue.

But no more. At the Pan-Am Games in Puerto Rico next month and 1980's Winter and Summer Olympics in Lake Placid and Moscow, respectively, U.S. athletes will be outfitted in authentic Western gear. The wardrobe was supplied by the famed jeans-making firm of Levi Strauss, which footed the \$1 million-plus bill, and includes almost the whole kit and caboodle—cowboy hats, jeans, turtlenecks, vests, denim shirts, skirts, belts, buckles and bandannas. Cowboy boots complete the picture. Most striking of all will be the outfits for the Winter Games shown on these pages, which feature plaid flannel shirts in a variety of colors and team sweaters as well as luxurious shearing jackets for parading in Lake Placid.

Levi's Olympic task force asked athletes what they wanted. In warmups it was jackets that didn't ride up in back, deep pockets, long leg zippers and absorbent collars. Otherwise, it was jeans, jeans, jeans. They got 'em.

Marching on Sun Valley, U.S. ski team members Cary Adgate, Christine Cooper, Susan Patterson and Steve Mahre preview the 1980 winter parade.



A cowboy hat tops off Western look for U.S. downhill skier Patterson





At Olympic parties, Viki Fleckenstein and Adgette will wear Levi's sport jackets and slacks



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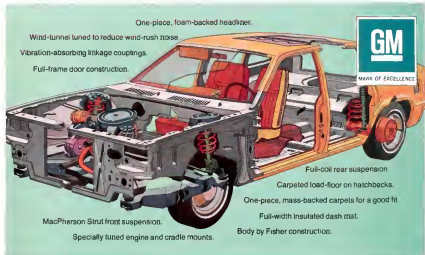


While traveling, Mathre and Cooper will wear outfits that will make them feel right at home

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART

GM's New Front-Wheel-Drive Cars

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From the day the new Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark first started taking shape on the drawing board, a prime design objective has been to please the ear as much as the eye.

Noise control through isolation. One of the ways we went about this was an all-out effort to isolate the passenger compartment from the engine, suspension and other chassis hardware.

Body and engine mounts are specifically tuned to dampen or eliminate vibration frequencies that might prove annoying inside.

There are vibration-absorbing couplings between mechanical components running from the engine

compartment to the passenger compartment—transmission linkage, acceleration pedal linkage, you name it. Even the MacPherson Strut front suspension and full-coil rear suspension have special cushioning devices that let you get a firm feel of the road without harshness of ride.

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But isolation is just one form of controlling noise. To help cut down on wind-rush noise, these cars were extensively tested in the wind tunnel. All models feature Body by Fisher construction with fully framed doors and new door seals to help keep noise out. Hatchback models have auxiliary seals in back. There are one-piece, mass-backed carpets and foam-backed headliners. And special acoustical-insulation pack-

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Bracing nip of Holland gin

Johan Cruyff plays soccer the way Picasso drew—with economy, precision and a surpassing excellence that puts the observer in awe, soars above the competition, even the subject matter. The 32-year-old Dutch midfielder-forward, who four weeks ago became the North American Soccer League's biggest catch since Pelé, has been like a bracing shot of Dutch gin for the Los Angeles Aztecs. They were 5-2 when Cruyff (pronounced kroyf) arrived; after beating the Detroit Express 3-1 in the Rose Bowl last Saturday night, L.A. was 10-4 and challenging the powerhouse Vancouver Whitecaps for the lead in the NASL's National Conference Western Division. The Aztecs have racked up 22 goals in their last seven games, after scoring eight in their first seven outings. Those days were, as they say in Los Angeles, "B.C."—that is, before Cruyff.

"We used to dream about the playoffs," says the Aztecs' captain, Defender Bob Sibbald. "Now we're thinking about the championship."

"I felt like a desert prophet who hadn't found his people," says Los Angeles Coach Rinus Michels, who coached Cruyff for 10 of Cruyff's 14 European seasons with Holland's Ajax and Spain's Barcelona clubs and also when he played for the 1974 Dutch national team that lost the World Cup final to West Germany. "Now the Aztecs and American soccer have a nuclear weapon," says Michels. "There are no words to describe Johan's ability. Let's just say he has the best skills and mental approach and can read the game better than anybody I've seen in the last 15 years."

Cruyff, well-faced and frail-looking at 5'9", 150 pounds, has scored five goals and had five assists in his seven games here, but he has made an equally important contribution by doubling the Aztecs' average attendance in the 104,699-seat Rose Bowl to more than 12,000.

This increase in attendance pleases Cruyff greatly. Pursued by the Cosmos

Dutch superstar Johan Cruyff has been a real pick-me-up for the Los Angeles Aztecs at the gate, where attendance has doubled, and afield, where scoring has tripled

even before his retirement from European soccer last November and offered nearly \$1 million a year by them as recently as last month, Cruyff instead chose a two-year, \$1.4 million package from L.A. Part of the deal is that he will get a substantial bonus if attendance goes up. Add to that the presence of old friend Michels, the Southern California weather—a prime consideration for Cruyff's glacially beautiful wife Danny—and the freedom to run his own marketing venture, Inter Soccer Ltd., a 6-month-old U.S. company he controls, and no wonder Cruyff agreed to become the highest-paid athlete in Los Angeles. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar gets \$625,000 per year.

Cruyff joined the team four weeks ago, after six months away from the game, and scored two goals in the first seven minutes of his American debut. Now he is almost in game shape, a nagging groin pull having nearly healed. Cruyff is a man of intelligence and thoroughbred skittishness—a confirmed nail-biter, a lip-chewer, a half-pack-of-Camel-a-day smoker. He is by turns impish, arrogant and brilliant. And, like Pelé before him, he has adjusted so rapidly to his role as the "savior" of American soccer that he already is indulging in one of his old habits—avoiding practice.

The other day he lay in the shade of a pair of big water coolers in the corner of the practice field near the Rose Bowl, keeping a weather eye out for Michels while the rest of the team ran laps.

"Pelé brought American soccer to 60% of its potential. My job is to raise it to 75%," he said in slightly accented English. Cruyff speaks Spanish, Italian and, of course, Dutch. Although he has joyously taken on a Southern California tan, some things about America don't appeal to him. AstroTurf, for instance, and the

NASL's 35-yard offside line—as opposed to the midfield offside that is standard in the rest of the world. And it bothered him when only 5,894 fans turned up in Boston to watch the Aztecs play the Tea Men. "I've practiced before more people than that," he sniffed. Nevertheless, his commitment to America is more than monetary. "I owe something to the game,"

continued



Normally a midfielder, Cruyff also plays forward.

and America is the place to pay my dues," he said. "I want to see the sport do well here. I want to see the 'pewbie' come out for it." He grinned. "Pewbie isn't right, is it? Is it a dirty word? I'll get it right someday."

An Amsterdam gamn whose grocer-father died when he was 12, Cruyff grew up to lead his teams to six league championships and three European Cup titles, as well as to the '74 World Cup final. He was named the World Cup MVP that year. When he retired, he was worth \$14 million, a million for each of his seasons. But bad investments and even worse relations with his business managers impelled him to return to soccer.

Like Pelé, Cruyff is unabashedly aware of his position. "There are 'stars,' then there are 'star-stars.' I am one of those," he says. "It's easier in Brazil, where the game is so individual, but in Europe you must be a team player first, then a star. When Pelé and I played together on a World Star team in 1975, we were both curious about what the other could do. But it rained so hard we were up to our ankles in mud. We both laughed and nothing was settled."

Cruyff isn't the sort to demand limousines and private suites, however. Although he has rented a \$2,000-a-month home in upper-class San Marino, where he spends his off-hours quietly and privately with Danny and their three children, he is very much a team man. He is often the last one out of the locker room, where he has looked on indulgently while teammates performed a berserk, naked version of the twist. Or he's in a hotel lobby gobbling Kit Kat bars with Aztec rookie Winger Angelo DiBernardo, last year's top NCAA player from Indiana. Or he's enjoying a postgame Heineken's with the Aztecs' resident flake, Goofie Bob Rigby.

"He's just one of the guys," says Rigby, marveling at the fact. "When Pelé came to the Cosmos [Rigby's team then], he was already over the hill, a celebrity rather than a contributor. But Cruyff is on top of his game. He is so special I don't know what to say about him. When he came out for the first game, I thought the refs were going to get down on their knees."

"I have a lot of enemies in Europe because I control a team on the field," says Cruyff. "I tell people what to do because I know. That's the reason I can't play in Europe again. And I wouldn't want to.

Every Sunday for 14 years in front of 100,000 people. The pressure was insane. We got death threats in Spain. Kidnap threats, too. It's so relaxing to think of a little 30-game schedule and the freedom to walk down the street without the price going up when they hear your name."

"Of course I have to provide results. But I have another job here. To put on a how do you say, a spectacle."

Cruyff doesn't so much play soccer as conduct it, like Leonard Bernstein. He is so gifted that he has mastered all field positions, and Michels has been starting him at forward of late instead of his usual mid-field position, so he can get a better grip on scoring. "That's where I start," Cruyff says, "but I go wherever I seem to be needed at the time."

His energy seems limitless. Hair flying, hands, arms and head in constant motion, he directs teammates into position or indicates runs or simply does a lot of fancy third-base-coach stuff to confuse the opposition. Cruyff also talks constantly, to teammates, to the man marking him, to the referee, to himself.

Against the San Diego Sockers last week, it took him only half a minute to get going. When a cleared ball came out to Aztec rookie Midfielder Larry Hulcer, Cruyff swiveled his head once, taking in the whole field, fixing the position in his mind. With a theatrical wave of the hand, he directed Forward Chris Dangerfield into the penalty box in front of Socker Goalie Alan Meyer and then sprinted away toward the left-corner flag, timing his run perfectly to avoid being trapped offside. He took Hulcer's pass by outrunning it, in the process throwing off his shadow of the evening, and neatly heel-passed the ball to Dangerfield, who volleyed a hard shot past Meyer for the goal. Time: 48 seconds. Although Cruyff scored a goal himself in the second half, the Aztecs eventually lost 4-3 in a shoot-out.

"Cruyff has eyes in the back of his head," DiBernardo insists. "He knows where all of us are and who's open. We're not the Dutch National team, so we're out of position a lot, but even then he knows."

"That comes from God," says Cruyff, matter-of-factly. "You can practice skills for years, but I honestly don't know how I learned the strategy of the game. It's just in me."

Ty Keough, the Sockers' rookie mid-

fielder, also is taken with Cruyff's magic. "He only turned it on out there for about 15 minutes each half, but God, what he did was simply perfect," he says. "I couldn't even play. I just watched. I thought, damn, that's why I'm in this game. It can be played that perfectly."

"People often argue in Europe about who is the genius, me or Michels," says Cruyff. "The truth is that we are one mind about soccer. In practice, he's the boss. On the field, I take over. We think alike, so it's like I take him on the field with me."

Saturday night against Detroit, Cruyff and the Aztecs didn't look as if they were playing a U.S. version of Total Soccer, the name given to the style practiced by Michels' Dutch National squad, in which fullbacks overlap at midfield, forwards defend and everyone whirls in a storm of action. Los Angeles was slightly ragged on defense and had a bit of trouble on the wings, but was certainly better than a host of NASL teams. And 10,397 chanting fans, who wave orange and white banners—not the Dutch flag, as some believe, but the Aztecs' team colors—let them know it. With 12:22 left in the game, Cruyff, who earlier had dashed astonishingly—if fruitlessly—through the Express defense, made a throw-in pass to Striker Walter Wagner, who volleyed a shot into the net for the Aztecs' third and final goal. It was Cruyff's fourth assist in his last four games.

"We still have a long way to go," he said afterward, "but we are the beginnings of a team. Can you imagine the work I'd have to do on the Cosmos? Everyone out there does his own thing, they're all big shots. Whew, I'm glad I came to Los Angeles."

Trevor Francis, the magnificent English striker and a top contender for European Footballer of the Year for this season, was playing his first game for the Express as a loaner from Nottingham Forest. After the game, he spoke of Cruyff. "I made my national team debut against him," Francis said. "He played then like he was supposed to. Perfectly marvelous. And tonight, too. It's still there. He's the world's best player. It's as simple as that."

And the Aztecs, who hope to meet the defending-champion Cosmos in the playoffs—they can't meet in the Soccer Bowl, because both are in the same conference—are banking on the idea that it may indeed be that simple.

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"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked."

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Film sequels are invariably undertaken more for reasons of cupidity than art. The plots are forced because the only tale worth telling has already been told. But in the case of our charming friend Rocky Balboa, a sequel was logical enough because the story could carry on quite naturally. At the end of *Rocky*, he had won fame, dignity and a good woman, and despite his expressed intention to retire from the sweet science, we could reasonably expect that Apollo Creed, the champion, could entice him into a rematch. So, to be sure, the question "Will success spoil Rocky Balboa?" was a legitimate one to be posed by a sequel.

Unfortunately, *Rocky II* is nowhere near as good as the original—which we might have expected—but what is so sad is that it need not have fallen so short of the mark. It fails largely because it gives us blood and guts but not courage, because Sylvester Stallone, who created, wrote and starred in *Rocky*, has also taken it upon himself to direct the sequel. As a rule of thumb, the more a successful creative venture is extended, the more flesh input is needed. In *Rocky II*, though, the creative circle has been drawn tighter still, and as a result the product is repetitious and stale, nearly autistic. Should there ever be a third saga, *Rocky* would be best served if someone would first take a razor blade and lance Mr. Stallone's ego, much as his swollen eye was in *Rocky*.

Stallone has taken no risks. People liked that big closing brawl in *Rocky*, so let's make this finale longer and more outrageously savage. Have Rocky go back to the meat freezer. Have him run up the same steps again. Many scenes are virtually identical to the original—in staging, tone and cadence. I would not call it *Rocky II*, but *Rocky Déjà Vu*. It is instructive that the only new character of any consequence is a business agent (Leonard Gaines), and the movie is freshest and funniest during his brief appearances. By contrast, two of the major figures who were so fine in the original—Rocky's disagreeable friend (Burt Young) and the loan shark (Joe Spinell)—have nothing substantial to do and merely clutter up things, taking what amounts to periodic curtain calls. Even Adrian (Talia Shire), who becomes the Italian Mare early on, is a passive figure, for the most part wasted. *Rocky II* needed new blood, but instead Stallone only gave us more—much more—of the old in the sanguineous fight sequence.

But, of course, Stallone does play a marvelous character, and however lacking in drama the plot may be, *Rocky* is too endearing a creature to be diminished by it. Indeed, the first part of *Rocky II* is every bit as warm as *Rocky*, because it is basically only an hon-

est extension of the original, and the film flows happily with the man. But when Stallone the writer has to advance a new story, the movie becomes lute, then lugard—and, under Stallone the director, rudderless. Eventually, Adrian—who does not want Rocky to fight again—falls into a coma. Now comas may have made for breathless reading in 19th-century novels, but, alas, an interminable wait for an eyelid to flutter is not good cinema in 1979. More's the pity, when Adrian finally comes to, she suffers a horrible case of melodrama, immediately changing her mind about pugilism and saying only: "Win."

The fight that follows is overlong and excessive. To be sure, it is "realistically" staged, but it isn't realistic because it is too brutal. Stallone protests that he made the fight gratuitously violent "so kids would know the truth about boxing and not want to go into it. I wanted to show there's death out there." But if that is the message he wished to deliver, he copped out, because, to the contrary, Rocky and Apollo are glamorized by the boxing match. They are portrayed as uncommonly brave men, in fact fearless, and warm gentlemen as well, who learn to love and respect one another by pummeling one another. True, they beat each other to a pulp again, but we've seen that. There is so much overkill and slick technique that we do not grieve for the characters being hurt. Rocky Balboa is such a sympathetic figure that if Stallone truly wanted to show how vicious boxing is, it would have been easy, let boxing really harm the poor devil. Let boxing maim or kill Stallone's meal ticket. Instead, in both films, the greatest pleasure that Rocky gets in his life comes from the ring. We don't cry for Rocky this time, either with joy for his satisfaction or with sorrow for his pain. It is only a payday, and we know it. **END**



ROCKY II SUFFERS FROM TIRED BLOOD

The Man



Who United Ireland

Though he didn't win, Eamonn Coghlan had all his countrymen cheering him on for four minutes at Montreal. Now as he heads for Killarney—and Moscow—he again carries the fervent hopes of the Irish

by Kenny Moore



Continued

Mist floats through the woods of Newlands Golf Club outside Dublin, making the heavily leafed trees two-dimensional, dulling the muddy green of the fairways. Irish golfers are out in force this late spring morning, quietly moving about the course, peering intently after each shot in hopes of catching at least a glimpse of the general direction of the ball's flight before it is erased by the fog. Ahead, however, there is some kind of disturbance. Shouting. A man running. The golfers nearest him are raising their clubs as if apoplectic. Their calls come clear. "Ah, you're a hard man, Eamonn Coghlan."

Running lightly, Coghlan smiles, for this is homage. "You're a great bit o' stuff and God bless," he hears. "Run like hell and get us a gold next year in Moscow," comes another. "Or a silver or a bronze. Anything, as long as it's for Ireland."

For four years Coghlan has carried such fervent hopes onto the track, and just now, soon after demolishing the world record for the indoor mile with his 3:52.6 in San Diego and then winning the European Indoor 1,500-meter championship in Vienna, Dublin is making much of him. He accepts praise gracefully, not trying to deflect or deny it—for if an observer is moved, can that be denied?—yet

Coghlan's pleasure at recognition often seems less personal than communal. When he says he is proud of what his father was told after the Montreal Olympic 1,500, in which Eamonn finished fourth—"He may not have won, but, by God, for four minutes he united Ireland"—he seems simply to be sharing in the common wish that the nation prevail. Indeed, Coghlan's ties with Dublin are so close that a study of him must encompass the history and people of his native city, each illuminating the other.

Leaving the golf course, Coghlan runs down a busy road past the grounds of Belgard Castle and reaches home, half of a Georgian duplex, part of a large development of modern, white two-story houses with black tile roofs. The Coghlan residence is distinguished by a huge tree just over the wall of the garden, enabling Coghlan to pick it out from miles away.

After a fast shower, Coghlan emerges for breakfast elegantly dressed in a gray double-breasted suit, a pearl-gray shirt and blue tie. He is a handsome man, saved from pretentiousness by the runner's tautness of skin. His eyes are clear blue and seem rather small for being set so deep. Photos of him at 17 show the gorgeous dimpled youth he was when, on a bus to a track meet in Tipperary, he met the dark-haired woman who now places bacon and eggs and tea before him. Yvonne Coghlan, who bears a resemblance to

DUBLIN/DAVID J. J. (JEREMY FINE ANDSON)



As guest of honor at St. Jarleth's College awards day—a role usually reserved for the archbishop—Coghlan sits down to dinner with the school's staff

Liza Minnelli, is calm and quiet. "It was five months to our first date," says Eamonn. "She always considered me a flirt." He wishes he could avoid the truth of that judgment, but all he can say is, "She always was the sensible one."

Less so himself, Coghlan often spent all his money on the movies with Yvonne near her home in Santry, and then had to run the six miles back to his parents' house in Drimnagh. The courtship was rocky only once. After four homesick months at Villanova University in 1971, Coghlan came home to recover from mononucleosis and the following fall didn't care to return. Yvonne, who was still only 16, said he either went back or they were through. "He wasn't being reasonable," she says simply. He obliged her, prospered, and they were married in 1976. Last October the third member of the family was born. Suzanne at eight months is a sober child with black onyx eyes. Her attention span seems inordinately long for an infant. A breakfast guest must squirm under an unrelenting gaze before her small, neat mouth breaks into an abrupt grin, adorned with her father's dimples. Both Yvonne and Suzanne were with Coghlan when he raced on the U.S. indoor circuit this winter. "Suzanne hasn't adjusted back to European time and doesn't sleep through the night anymore," says Coghlan. "She's made my morning runs quite consistent."

Off to work in his new Capri, Coghlan drives swiftly past factories and then blocks of gray cement houses in the neighborhood of Drimnagh, where he grew up. Near his parents' home stands Our Lady's Hospital for Sick Children.

"I was there for 10 days when I was four," Coghlan says. "It was Ash Wednesday, I remember it clearly. I was scuttling a turf truck—that's peat to you—on a dare. I climbed on when it was stopped and fell off on my head right in front of the hospital. A bus driver scooped me up and carried me straight in. I was always a lucky little devil." The first day of first grade, at the first opportunity, Coghlan ran home and put up such a protest that he was allowed to stay out of school for six months, until his best friend started. "I seem to have had to ease into these things," he says.

A triangle of green among the row houses, known only as "the field," was where Coghlan hung out as a youth, playing football and sneaking cigarettes. "But when the toughs from Crumlin [an adjoining neighborhood] came over with hurling sticks looking for trouble, I was no hero. I ran."

He slows the car on Long Mile Road as it passes Drimnagh Castle School, run by the Christian Brothers, where he received his secondary education. The red-brick buildings flank a 12th-century Danish castle. Most of its stone tower is closed, but the school uses part of it as a changing

continued



After the formalities of the awards and speeches, both the lads of St. Jarlath's and their guest relish a run through the County Galway countryside.



Yvonne brought a firm sensibility—and then Suzanne—to Coghlan's life

room. Coghlan began his daily training by trotting across a bridge over a frog-filled moat. "The only castle in Ireland still with a moat," he says, his gaze rising to the crumbling battlements. "More stones have fallen. They say it would take £85,000 to restore it, and who's going to give that?"

"Irish education," he says while continuing into Dublin's center, "is more or less beaten into you. It was a tough transition when I went to Villanova, where you had to take notes from lectures and ask questions. Here you copied what was on the board and memorized it. Gaelic especially was taught that way. In the 1800s the English suppressed Gaelic, and ever since we've been trying to revive it. I needed to pass it to leave high school, but now I only have the habit of a phrase or two."

Coghlan draws up before Bord Fáilte, the Irish Tourist Board, where he has worked as the youth and educational representative since July of 1977. "I spent five months reading brochures for study programs and youth tours, and meeting tour operators, and I'm still not aware of all the products available," he says.

Coghlan is marvelous at his work for about a dozen rea-



At his parents' home, the 14-year-old Eamonn will forever lead the race

sons. His celebrity, his American education, his manner are means of opening communication, but what a listener remembers is his feeling for Ireland and the Irish. He emphasizes their warmth toward visitors, the immense sweep of Ireland's history, the power of its spoken and written word, the beauty of its landscape, and just when one begins to grow uneasy with such superlatives, Coghlan confesses his frustrations with his people's complex character and in so doing lifts himself clear of public relations.

"The Irish are a hidebound breed," he says, not at all mildly. "In the country, life is parochial, people caring only to keep to themselves and their traditional ways and not taking notice of the rest of the world." He mentions novelist James Plunkett (*Strumper City*), a Dubliner who has written that "Observers of human character, when they have turned their attention to Dublin, have isolated with remarkable unanimity the distinguishing mark of its true-born citizen. . . . He will share a characteristic philosophy, the essence of which is a serene and fatalistic composure." Plunkett explained this by reference to the Dubliners' habit of brooding over disappointments. "Add to this an inherited race memory and the history of his native city—that story of siege, pestilence, invasion, rebellion, fire, slaughter, persecution and civil war—and the combination seems likely to instill tolerance and patience to an unusual degree."

To Coghlan, returned from the activism and efficiencies of the New World, the stolid traits of his people often seem lamentable. "Even though traffic is horrendous, Dublin doesn't want a new expressway over the bay," he says. "We can't construct new office buildings because they may disturb some of the old Viking city Dublin is built upon. It is wonderful to have such a past, but sometimes you have to cease dwelling on the ordeal the Irish have endured and think of the future." This perhaps sounds too strident to him, so he says, "I admit I've thought of leaving, but my heart is still in Ireland."

In his bright, poster-filled office, Coghlan makes dozens of telephone calls, organizing presentations, itineraries, luncheons. His English takes on more pace, a stiffer accent when he is addressing countrymen. "When I'm in the States I'm influenced by the voices," he says, grinning. "In Dublin I revert to the way the tongue is meant to be used." John Synge, who wrote, among other masterpieces, *The Playboy of the Western World*, felt that the Irish have been notable in English literature because of the "invigorating suggestiveness" of Irish popular speech, but Coghlan finds that American slang has equivalent force. "'Air-head' makes people here smile," he says, "though 'zonked' is incomprehensible."

While Coghlan labors at his arranging, a gnomish, gray-haired man pops into his office. J. P. Murray is the golf promotion adviser to the Tourist Board, a runner and a man of clear pronouncements. "There is nothing good advertised on TV," he says, apropos of how valuable is the wholesome appeal of Coghlan. "Not sunsets, not fresh fruit, not rain-bows. Not even women for their own sake." Murray can feel his society exerting firm pressure against being first-rate. "Decay is everywhere. Insidious. Now they're reducing a natural, elemental thing like running to second-rate

continued

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'jogging' or 'fun runs.' " He looks as if he's about to spit. "You never see anyone playing 'fun golf'."

Coghlan lunches in the Old Stand, which is filled with golden light, paintings of Dublin street scenes, brass and dark paneling. "Pub grub," says Coghlan, hacking into his lamb chops at the bar.

"You've been in the big time since we saw you last," says Seamus O'Rourke, pouring him a Harp lager.

"Things fell into place," says Coghlan easily. When O'Rourke has gone, Coghlan reflects that his 26-year life has seemed a charmed one. "Things have always fitted into place. When I was in high school and my running came into conflict with the demands of hard Irish scholarship, I chose running, and through that got a good university education. Now I have a good job, surpassing most of the guys who ground it out at school."

None of this was planned, at least not by Coghlan. He says, "Lucky breaks, I've gotten them. Things like the world record, the European Indoor gold medal, those once were dreams, but if I dream anything, it seems to work out." Such a faith is calming, at the very least. "In the dark days of winter, when my hemoglobin was low and training was an ordeal, I didn't really worry. If I were to worry, I think perhaps things wouldn't fit into place. I let the goals come to me."

This is not to suggest that Coghlan has been exactly passive about ordering his life around his discipline. "Mates at work say on days when it's splashing out, 'Come on, have a few beers with us,' and I say I can't and they say, 'Just this once,' but I know that once turns into twice and then a dozen, so I can't, and they don't understand that." His tone is flat, without illusion. "When I came back from Villanova in 1976 the comparison of American and Irish life was forced on me. It seemed in the U.S. that people wanted to do the best they could, they wanted to achieve without cutting corners, whether in sport or business. Here there is a tendency to want the most you can get for the least work." He cites the post-office and dock-workers strikes of this spring. "Sometimes it seems people are looking to strike not for legitimate reasons of fairness, but out of jealousy of other workers or greed. The crane operators say they won't go back without a raise of £50 a week."

Outside, walking, Coghlan is hailed by an elderly priest with crooked teeth. He says he is from the nearby Clar-

endon Street Church and has a Mrs. Coghlan in the flock.

"Near 90 and independent?" says Coghlan. "Practically lives in the church? That's my grandmother."

"Is she now?" the priest says. "How fine for her to have such a grandson." This seems too syrupy to the cleric, apparently, for he concludes with, "Ah, you're trying, anyway. That's the thing. You're trying."

Coghlan watches him retreat and says with satisfaction, "This, this is Dublin."

He stops in at the City Hall to pick up some engraved invitations to a reception the following week, at which he is to be honored for his recent achievements. He receives the

gilt-edged cards from Noel Carroll, the Dublin public-relations officer, who looks leaner than when he ran a 1:47.5 880 for Villanova in the early '60s. A decade and a half later, Carroll was still the Irish national 800-meter champion and had just returned from a noon hour devoted to hard 220s at a nearby track. He shows Coghlan and a visitor around the great dome of the hall, pointing at the city motto in mosaic on the stone floor: OBEDIENTIA CIVIUM URBI FELICITAS.

"Which means if you toe the line, you'll be O.K.," says Carroll, a man of easy informality. But informality is earned to a fault in the Dublin City Hall, as one learns when Carroll ducks through a little door beneath the stairs and emerges with a frayed brown paper envelope, from which he slips the first charter of Dublin, brown ink on leather, signed by Henry II in 1172, two years after the Normans

overpowered the Dames. Coghlan plays with the charter's green braided thong while Carroll unfolds a great folio of vellum—a later charter illuminated with gold leaf and a painting of Queen Elizabeth.

"The first, I guess," says Carroll. Soon he is struggling to lift the city's sword and huge, 300-year-old silver and gold mace. "Great symbolism here," he says pointing out the chased Irish harp, the English rose and the Scottish thistle. "In any other city in the world these would be on display," he says. "And we do bring them out on one or two occasions, quietly, but it takes a while for people to think of them as other than hateful symbols of the monarchy, the foreign rule we fought to get rid of. The emotion still lingers." This seems to confirm Coghlan's belief that history is different for the Irish, never seeming to fade. But then the English still gently fan the embers, as in a report Carroll saw filed by an English



Coghlan lunches on "pub grub" at the Old Stand in Dublin

continued



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reporter from the World Cross-Country Championship in Limerick (where Ireland's John Treacy scored a masterful victory and Coghlan ploughed home 70th). "England won the team championship," says Carroll, easily quoting the article from memory, "but Ireland had the consolation of supplying the first individual to finish."

It is with more reverence that Carroll opens a green leather book containing the signatures of those on whom the Freedom of the City has been conferred, modern Dublin's highest honor. There are 52 names, on numbered lines. Ulysses S. Grant is there, and Charles Parnell, and George Bernard Shaw, and John F. Kennedy. Coghlan's expression, examining this roster, is one of soft pride. "Lots of cardinals in between the great names," he says. "No runners, though." He seems to be performed by this reminder that sporting conquests do fade, that athletes seldom by their art win men out of bondage.

In the afternoon, after a drive past St. Patrick's Cathedral, where Jonathan Swift was dean from 1713 to 1745, Coghlan parks near the gray stone of Kilmarnham Gaol. "The leaders of the Easter Week Rising were executed up there," he says. That was in 1916, though he speaks as if it happened last year. Nearby is the clubhouse of the Donore Harriers, a bare, cold room with bits of mud on its masonite floor. Coghlan hangs his suit on a nail and is soon out running across Phoenix Park, 1,760 acres of moist woods and fields surrounding Aras An Uachtaráin—the Irish White House.

"I do about 70% of my running over soft country," he says. "I think it's best not to pound your legs on the hard roads any more than you have to." In this off-season between indoors and out, he runs 90 miles a week of stamina work, alternating days of hard surges over hills with days of more gentle effort. This is an easy day, but Coghlan still constantly changes his speed, as if answering some internal spring that gets wound too tightly by an unvarying pace.

Cruising down a long row of huge trees, he says, "See the crooked trunk, fourth from the end? That's where I started my first race, when I was 11. I'd just joined the club, and the officials said I couldn't run the mile cross-country. I was too young, too new. I cried until they let me in and then I won. I can still see the shock on those faces."

A couple of miles on, Coghlan plunges down steep trails through thickets. "This is Furry Glen," he shouts. "On Sundays we'd go for cat-and-mouse chases in here with Gerry

Farnan, my coach then and now. Miles and miles and loved it all." Then and now. "The idea was to enjoy our running, not to be slogging away so hard we'd be tired of competing by 17. Gerry has no use for people who slog kids."

Coghlan churns over the tops of steep green moguls, part of what he calls the "Munich Lap" because his first hard training came here, as he tried to get a qualifying time for the 1972 Olympic 1,500. He was 19 then. Coghlan missed by a tenth and then took up his Villanova education in earnest.

The line of Irish runners at Villanova began in 1948 with Jim Reardon and continued with the likes of John Joe Barry (The Ballincurne Hare), Ron Delany, the 1956 Olympic 1,500-meter champion, Noel Carroll, Frank Murphy, Don-

al Walsh and John Hartnett. Now that Neil Cosack and Ed Ledy have performed well at East Tennessee State, Niall O'Shaughnessy at Arkansas and Treacy at Providence, an Irish runner of promise seems he has a choice, but Coghlan's only dream was of Villanova. "I thought it was going to be the greatest thing since sliced pie," he says. "But it wasn't easy. I was homesick at first, and Jumbo Elliott [the school's almost magically successful coach since 1935] wanted it hard, academically and athletically. The guys I met in school were a tremendous help, genuine friends, not at all like the mouthy U.S. tourists in plaid socks from which I'd formed my stereotype of Americans. Jumbo coached the team like a 3:30-to-five business, like the heavy-equipment company that made him a millionaire, and there were no board meetings. Jumbo was the

boss. We'd warm up and then learn our day's workout. It took a while to understand Jumbo even a little. He wanted to do all the thinking. It was his job to get us ready. It was our job to run. Guys who didn't understand that didn't do well. Those who did, and accepted it, and went with him, did fine."

Coghlan was a good accepter. In 1975 he ran a 3:53.3 mile behind Filbert Bayi's 3:51.0 world record in Jamaica. His natural speed and a talent for dramatic acceleration late in a race were honed with thousands of 440s on Villanova's outdoor board track and with races on the U.S. indoor circuit.

"I could never have achieved the same goals if I'd stayed in Ireland," he says. "I was pretty raw when I arrived. I still smoked until I got the scholarship. And suddenly I was thrown in with guys like Ken Schappert, Hartnett and Mar-



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ty Liquori. It was hard even to train the way they did. But inside there was a flicker of certainty I had won in the Irish juniors. In a couple of years I won in college and then in the NCAA championships. Then, on the next plateau, international competition. The point is I wouldn't have gotten there had I not been exposed to those various levels. Each plateau took a new adjustment and gave new confidence. Now I can run with anyone in the world, even though the sensations of racing are exactly the same as they were when I was 14."

Deep in the park, Coghlan surges up a wooded slope, scattering a herd of deer. "It's great here today," he says. "But you can hate it sometimes. I always cringe inside when people say running comes naturally to me, that training is nothing but an uplifting joy. That's not why I race well. I'm competitive. I always have been—not necessarily to be first, but to do the best I can." He runs slowly across a half mile of soccer and hurling fields that were Dublin's 18th-century dueling grounds. "It's something in me, deep down, that makes me different in a race."

The difference lies in Coghlan's kick, the late move so explosive it cannot be countered. It is an act requiring a calm husbanding of reserves during the race, then a sudden, blazing release. Coghlan perfectly balances these extremes. He

is the potent sprinter waiting within the patient distance runner. There are men who can carry a kick longer than Coghlan—England's Steve Ovett is the best just now—but none who detonate as he does. He won the 1976 NCAA 1,500 from UTEP's Wilson Wangwa and Oregon's Matt Centowitz by not beginning to sprint until the last 50 meters. In his semifinal at the Montreal Olympics he came out of the pack off the last turn and, within 20 meters, moved out to a five-meter lead, coasting in with a happy smile.

Then, the evening before the final, he was nervous. "I spoke to Gerry Farman and said I was just going to follow John Walker [New Zealand's world-record holder in the mile at 3:49.4] and go in the last straight. Gerry was content with that, and I felt better. I went to bed and felt right to sleep."

"In the morning Jumbo called. He said that with all the faster half-milers in the field, like Rick Wohlhuter and Ivo Van Damme from Belgium, if the pace was slow I'd have to run their speed out of them. I'd have to lead, I think the bottom fell out of my confidence right there. I remember warming up, unable to keep from watching everything Walker and Van Damme did. I should have been concentrating. I was new to this last plateau. I went to the line confused."

Dave Moorcroft of England was in front at the 400-me-

continued



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ter mark, in 62.5. "Frustration set in," says Coghlan. "I led after 500 meters. As soon as I was in front I started praying for someone to pass me." The 800 was 2:03.2, the pack compressed within three strides. "It was a horrible realization," Coghlan says, shaking his arms at the memory of those moments. "They were kickers. Instead of running it out of them, I was running it out of me."

Walker challenged on the third lap, less a decisive move than one to establish a position to kick from. "I held him off, held him off," says Coghlan. "That was wrong. I should have just readied myself for one last burst." Walker went by in earnest with 300 meters to run and the race was on. Van Damme went by. "I held off Wohluter on the turn, but when I hit the straight the zip was gone," Coghlan says. Van Damme moved out to challenge Walker. Coghlan found the inside blocked by Paul-Heinz Wellmann of West Germany, the outside by Van Damme. "I had nowhere to go. I began to lean, but it was too early. I lost momentum before the line. Wellmann passed me for the bronze medal. I had lost the gold by three-tenths of a second. As far as I was concerned, it was the end of my career."

The following weeks were for Coghlan the closest to purgatory he cares to pass. "I tried to be brave, but I was hurt in a way I had never been. All the omens had seemed right, all my dreams had been of success. I went back to the Villanova campus and was afraid to face anyone. I walked across the street to avoid the question." He looks across at his running companion. "You know, fourth is the absolute worst place to finish in the Olympics."

"It took weeks, but I got over it," he says, perhaps too brightly. "Maybe it was a good thing to have happened because you learn what it's worth, the medal. And it's not the world. I visited Walker last year, and I said, 'Hey, John, where's that medal you won off me?' And there it was on the wall, just a medal with a bunch of other medals."

When he returned to Dublin after graduating with a degree in management, Coghlan submitted the training he had been doing at Villanova to Gerry Farnan's review. Farnan felt that Elliott's program, which was based on 400-yard intervals, certainly had given Coghlan speed but not the stamina to sustain it. Farnan added weekly 20-mile runs and vigorous three-quarter- and 1½-mile intervals over hills. "Gerry likes things done right," Coghlan says, "but he prefers to stay in the background. In training he knows me through and through. If I'm down and don't want to run, he'll know whether there is something organically wrong or whether I just need to get going." Coghlan has granted the same decision-making powers to Farnan that Elliott demanded. "I don't want to agonize about how everything ought to go. We have a talk every three or four weeks and adjust the schedule as seems best." Thus Coghlan resolves the eternal tension between thought and action by a division of labor, leaving the coach's contemplations unclouded by the runner's fears, the runner's labor unburdened by doubt.

It works, as proved by his 3:52.6 indoor record. Coghlan speaks as if that run may have lifted him to a yet loftier plateau. "There was some question in my mind whether I'd

ever run a 3:53 again. I'd done it in 1975, then 3:53.4 in 1977. Running it indoors has given me a real confidence."

After a shower, Coghlan drops by his parents' home, where he sits down to a quick cup of tea beside the coal fire in their small, medal- and trophy-cluttered parlor. Mrs. Kathleen Coghlan, his mother, has flashing russet hair. Before she has time for pleasantries, the doorbell rings and in rushes Father Andy Sheehan, a runner, singer and the priest who christened Coghlan's daughter.

"Ah, I was watching you struggle away down there in the Limerick mud," he says to Eamonn, laughing at the recollection of the World Cross-Country Championship weeks earlier. "That's why I missed the Music Society meeting." Father Sheehan reveals that he has taken delivery of a new Kawasaki 650 motorcycle, his second in a month. "Can you imagine? Some bugger stole the first."

The conversation turns to Eamonn's beginnings, which in a neighbor's view were not auspicious. "She said he looked like a skinned rabbit," says Mrs. Coghlan. "Long and thin and red." She is firm on the point that she never pushed Eamonn into running. "It was a God-given gift is the way I look at it," she says.

"Which would be lying dead now if he didn't put forth the effort," says Father Sheehan. He cannot stay long because he has a race this afternoon and confessions at seven and eulogies to prepare. "The parishioners are dying like flies," he says and exits, displaying electric blue socks beneath his black broadcloth. In the sudden vacuum of his passing, he seems an appropriate addition to an Ireland that let Swift run its cathedral.

Then the room is filled once more, this time by William Coghlan, Eamonn's father. A hugely attractive man of immense warmth. He is an electrical contractor. Asked if he has any big jobs going, he says, "No, just little ones. Just things I can do myself. Who wants to be a millionaire? The money only brings worries. Can money put a good family around you, the likes of Yvonne and Suzanne? I'm richer than all the millionaires I know." Eamonn beams approval.

William Coghlan for four years has been the president of the Irish Amateur Athletic Federation, the national governing body for track and field. "It can be mutually embarrassing," Eamonn has said of having the governor and governed in the same family. "If I complain publicly, am I complaining about my father? And if he makes a point in a meeting, is he saying what's best or what's best for his son?" The runner has come to appreciate the problems of the official, and the official those of the runner. "Now that he knows how forcefully the Irish people are behind him," says William Coghlan, walking Eamonn and a guest to the car, "Eamonn should spend six months in the States, racing the best people, to prepare for Moscow. That's because the official idea of sport can be discouraging here. It seems that I am always lecturing other officials that it is not they who are important but the athletes."

It is Coghlan's practice three or four times a week to have a massage from Barney Crosbie, who is a physiotherapist to rugby teams and the occasional runner, "because he's a loner," says Crosbie, "as I was for 20 years." Crosbie has a firmly set, down-turning mouth and 60 or 80 mobile wrinkles on



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his forehead. "Seventy years gone last January," he says. He rubs Coghlan with "putcheen," a mixture of barley moonshine and olive oil. Coghlan has turned his head while on the table and seen Crosbie taking a swig of the stuff for inspiration. "They use it on horses and dogs so it must be good for humans," says the masseur, coughing.

Crosbie and Coghlan enjoy an affectionate contentiousness, based on Crosbie's remarkable assertions. "No world records are set after 10 p.m.," he says. "After that the muck of the air comes down on you. After 3 a.m. the muck of the air starts to lift and you're lifted with it."

"But, Barney, I ran my world record after 10 at night."

"Now, that was indoors, wasn't it?" says Crosbie with a tone of dismissal. "Another thing. You'd do yourself harm if you train when it's below freezing."

"I do it all the time, and I've run fine."

"You're a lucky man."

Crosbie says that swimming and running don't mix, and that "endurance comes from running 70 or 80 naked miles a week, but stamina comes from sprinting."

"Stamina?" says Coghlan. "I disagree. Sprinting just sharpens my speed."

"Ah, as soon as I open a hole, you have a post to stick in it. I'll tell you why I never was a coach, even though I studied all this for 40 years—because I would always fight with my athletes."

"Ah, Barney, you would," says Coghlan with a soft smile. "But it's a great pair of hands you have."

As they part, Crosbie's farewell is, "Come a day and go a day and God send Sunday."

Come Sunday and Coghlan has his 20-mile run with clubmates. This morning it was with Paddy Keogh, a hard-muscled bus driver in his late 30s who runs 20 miles every day. "And never won a thing," says Coghlan with respect for the man's love of simply covering the country.

"I run because if I didn't I'd just end up in the boozier," says Paddy cheerfully as they set off against a cool, wet wind, heading for the hills that rise behind Dublin. For a while they chatter about obscure club politics, training and how the devil appeared at the old tavern, visible above them, where the Hell-Fire Club met. "He came as a black cat," says Coghlan in seeming earnest. "Blew a hole right through the roof." Coghlan's Irishness includes a certain faith in what might be called divine justice. "I could never fake an injury to get out of a race promise," he has said. "If I did that, I'd be afraid I'd actually get the injury I faked." Or what might be called superstition.

On the steepest pitches the only sounds are the runners' soggy footfalls and their blowing as they work at the hill. Stone pasture walls give way to thickening pine woods and then vistas. They turn onto an unpaved track. It is clean and cool this morning, and Coghlan slows to better enjoy the landscape. Dublin below is hidden by clouds. He speaks of his growing stamina, saying that runs like this were once devastating labor but now are exhilarating.

"I'm sure in my heart that I can run a good 5,000. It may even turn out to be my best event." He ran 13:26.6 for the 3½-mile distance in an exciting race last year in Dublin in which he made up 100 meters on England's Mike McLeod

in the last 800, winning narrowly with a 56-second last lap.

They leave the woods for a paved road that climbs on toward Kilakee, running through open terrain with flinty outcroppings. Coghlan laments not being able to see the summits, but there is an eerie splendor to the slopes ascending into mists. Coghlan is asked if in these high and windswept places he experiences a sensation of escape.

"From the crush, you mean? From the people wanting autographs? Yes, I do. But I've come to accept the loss of what little time that takes, simply because there is no sensible alternative." Coghlan is unfailingly patient with even the most aggressive seekers after his touch, his word, a stroke of his pen. "I kind of take pride in the general idea of being noticed," he says, "for it means I have done something well. I try not to let the actual words and people tarnish that idea."

From a ridge, the runners turn and descend toward Bonabreena, finally relaxing, freewheeling. Coghlan runs with the quietest arm action of the world's best runners, and at this six-minutes-per-mile pace he never fully straightens his legs, touching his heels down with the knees still slightly bent. It is a practiced distance runner's stride. There is no sense of a man with unanswerable speed. The only way to fully appreciate his speed is to be his victim off a final turn. Here, in the hills, he prefers to talk.

Much as Shaw and Joyce and Beckett left Ireland in order to write about it, Coghlan seems a man able to stand outside his own culture. "I feel I'm half Dubliner, half American, sometimes holding these opposites equally dear. The American part is ambition, I guess. The Irish half has more to do with acceptance." Acceptance, as Coghlan uses it, ought not be confused with surrender. The harshest acceptance is of the pain of effort.

"I accept defeat as I do success. I can't bring back Montreal, so why brood over it? I've always been sort of a believer that your life is set out for you." Which makes acceptance a more sensible philosophy than raging to change the inevitable, but there seems a catch, namely the contradiction between a preordained life and freedom of will. "If your life is following a preset plan," Coghlan is asked, "does that absolve you of responsibility for it?"

Coghlan carefully considers this as the runners drop into green paddocks and thicker air, nearing home. "Maybe it's ordained that we have responsibility for our actions," he says, trying to dodge the logical incompatibility of the two states, controlled or free, blameless instrument or responsible being. "No, that can't be right."

Finally he says, "What I feel is that we do have choices, we do have control, but in the end we are going to have only one life unfold. In that sense you have to know when to relax and stop worrying about it."

He reaches his front step and hears Suzanne crying, so rushes in to comfort her. "There is always responsibility," he says firmly, holding up the child as irrefutable proof. He nuzzles her into a smile, and in that moment it seems that if one has only one life to aspire to, Eamonn Coghlan's would do quite nicely.

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Yesterday

by DONALD GROPMAN

IT WASN'T CUNNING THAT WON COBB HIS 1911 BATTING TITLE, IT WAS TALENT

The victory of Detroit's Ty Cobb over Cleveland's Shoeless Joe Jackson in the 1911 American League batting race is part of baseball lore. It is often cited as the perfect example of Cobb's cunning, the clearest demonstration of how he put his keen intelligence to work in the service of his career. The story has frequently appeared in print.

In Cobb's autobiography, *My Life in Baseball—The True Record*, there is a foreword by General Douglas MacArthur that describes Cobb as "baseball's greatest competitor.... This great athlete seems to have understood early in his professional career that in the competition of baseball, just as in war, defensive strategy never has produced ultimate victory and, as a consequence, he maintained an offensive posture to the end of his baseball days.... His aggressive exploits... vitalized the competitive spirit among the youth of the land."

MacArthur's remarks were in line with Cobb's perceptions. A central chapter of his autobiography, called "The Ultimate Secret: Make Them Beat Themselves...." is devoted to Cobb's playing philosophy ("The Great American Game should be an unrelenting war of nerves") and ends with Cobb's version of his 1911 showdown with Jackson: "You sat up nights plotting ways to win... and it was on such a night that I won a league batting championship that it seemed I was about to lose." With more modesty than his biographers, some of whom set Jackson's

lead at 35 points at the time, Cobb put it at only nine points.

"Jackson was a Southerner, like myself, a friendly, simple and glib sort of fellow," he wrote. "On the field, he never failed to greet me with a 'Hiyuh, brother Ty.' So now we were in Cleveland for a season-closing six-game series, and before the first game I waited in the clubhouse until Jackson had taken his batting practice. I had one of the clubhouse boys tip me off when he was finished, so I couldn't miss him.

"Ambling over, Joe gave me a grin and said, 'How's it going, brother Ty? How you been?'"

"I stared coldly at a point six inches over his head. Joe waited for an answer. The grin slowly faded from his face to be replaced by puzzlement.

"Gosh, Ty, what's the matter with you?"

"I turned and walked away. Jackson followed, still trying to learn why I'd ignored him.

"Get away from me!" I snarled.

"Every inning afterward, I arranged to pass close by him, each time giving him the deep freeze. For a while, Joe

kept asking, 'What's wrong, Ty?' I never answered him. Finally, he quit speaking and just looked at me with hurt in his eyes."

According to Cobb, Jackson's perplexity and loss of concentration led to his complete collapse at the plate. And when Jackson stopped hitting, Cobb rallied in those last six games of the season, passed him and won the batting title. Cobb ended his account with some words of advice: "It helps if you help them beat themselves."

In the story of Cobb's life, the episode is taken as further proof of his desire and shrewdness. Because batting championships were becoming commonplace to Cobb—the 1911 title was his fifth in a row—the point of the story rests on his come-from-behind victory and his cunning tactics.

In the light of the stereotype of Jackson's life—especially in regard to his role as one of the Chicago Black Sox who were banished from baseball for throwing the 1919 World Series to the Cincinnati Reds, Jackson for allegedly having knowledge of the fix, although he claimed he didn't take part in it—the episode has a different meaning, one that was explored by Joe Williams, a sports columnist for the New York *World-Telegram*. Williams wrote several columns about Jackson, his boyhood idol.

In one of these, headlined "Shoeless Joe Was Weak As Cobb Proved," Williams began by repeating the standard fiction that Jackson was playing baseball barefoot when he was discovered. Williams then offered the accepted, or Cobb, version of the 1911 batting race and an interpretation of its meaning. Joe Jackson, he wrote, "revealed a significant weakness of character, for when Ty Cobb began to crowd him and then openly taunt him, Shoeless Joe faded.... Here was proof, stunning proof, that he wasn't a competitor, was incapable of meeting a crisis head-on."

Among the baseball writers of his era, Williams was



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STRIVING TO SERVE GOD

AND MAN

YESTERDAY continued

ordinarily one of Jackson's staunchest admirers, but the "stunning proof" he offered to demonstrate the defective character of his boyhood idol was, in fact, false. The episode, so carefully detailed and elaborated on by Cobb and numerous writers since, never happened.

Cobb did win the 1911 batting title by hitting .420, and Jackson did finish second with .408. Cobb probably did try to upset and confuse Jackson, and he may have used the silent treatment he describes. But there was no showdown in the last six games of the season, and there was no come-from-behind victory by Cobb. Nor was there a failure of Jackson's nerve. The facts are less dramatic. Jackson, playing his first full season, simply had the bad luck to run into Cobb at his peak. The 1911 season was Cobb's finest; he hit .400 in May and never fell below that mark all year long, and he reached his career highs in average, hits, doubles, triples, runs scored, runs batted in and slugging average. He got off to such an incredible start—after 84 games he had 146 hits and was batting .438—that he announced his goal for the season was 300 hits (he finished with 248).

After 84 games Jackson was 48 points behind, at .390. After 100 games Cobb had dropped to .417 and Jackson had climbed to .398. The gap between them fluctuated from day to day, and at times it narrowed. Yet after 130 games, Cobb was at .416 and Jackson was still at .398. There was no day in the 1911 season when Jackson led Cobb in batting.

Further, the final six-game series, during which the showdown supposedly occurred, is also imaginary. The Tigers came into Cleveland for a three-game series that began on the Monday of the last week of the season. The Tuesday game was rained out, so they played a doubleheader on Wednesday. Before the series began, Cobb held a lead over Jackson of 15 points. In the three games, Cobb went 3 for 10, Jackson 3 for 9.

After the series in Cleveland, the Tigers went to St. Louis for their last three games of the year. Cobb and eight other key players were not with them. Just as he had done the year before when he was defending a lead in the batting race against Larry Lajoie, Cobb withdrew from his team's final games. When pressed to explain his behavior, Cobb said that the Browns had such a poor

pitching staff that he would have been certain to have fattened his average at their expense.

Cleveland went to Chicago for the last three games of its season. The White Sox, needing victories in all three games to beat out Cleveland for third place, opened with their money pitcher, Big Ed Walsh, who was going after his 27th win of the season. That year Walsh led the American League in strikeouts, games pitched, innings pitched and games saved. He was a hard, determined man who threw a spitball. Jackson got three hits off him, including a clutch single in the eighth inning that ignited what was to be a game-winning rally. The final score was 4-3 Cleveland and enabled the Indians to clinch third place. Jackson, still 14 points behind Cobb, sat out the meaningless last two games.

In all likelihood, Cobb himself created the story of his dramatic come-from-behind victory over Jackson. This kind of self-promotion was not new to him. When he was an 18-year-old minor-leaguer he had bombarded a young sports-writer named Grantland Rice with anonymous telegrams and letters: "Tyrus Raymond Cobb, the dashing young star from Royston . . . is a terrific hunter and faster than a deer. At the age of 18 he is undoubtedly a phenom." Rice followed up the lead and discovered Cobb, who 40 years later confessed his trick to Rice.

In his autobiography, *The Turmoil and the Shouting*, Rice described Cobb as "perhaps the shrewdest man I ever knew" and, after telling of Cobb's self-promotional letters, presented the stock version of Cobb's "last-minute victory" over Jackson in 1911. It's easy to understand Cobb's motivation for inventing the story, but we are left to wonder why the writers accepted and promoted it, particularly men like Rice, who were covering baseball in 1911.

In the early 1940s, when Cobb's tale had become a part of baseball lore, Jackson tried to set the record straight. "A story you now hear from time to time, that Ty bulldozed me by getting my goat in a conceived plan to ignore me in Cleveland in that important final series, is just a lot of hokey. Ty was able to beat me out because he got more hits than I did." Jackson told the truth, but few believed him, and Cobb's version continues to be told to this day.

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As I Did It

By CRAIG MITCHELL

THE TRUE TALE OF HOW A 10-YEAR-OLD BOY HELPED WALTER HAGEN MAKE PAR

My father and Walter Hagen didn't really look that much alike when you saw them side by side, but there was a certain resemblance. Because they were both beefy and wore their hair slicked down, a lot of people on the fringes of golf mistook them for each other. This occasional mistaken identity brought about a small bond between them.

The 1934 PGA Championship was held at Park Country Club near Buffalo, only about 100 miles from Auburn, where I grew up. Dad took advantage of the opportunity. He'd been helping organize the Central New York section of the PGA, because as a golf-equipment salesman he found this a good way of helping himself by helping his customers. But the fledgling organization needed money. To raise funds, Dad contacted "The Hag" and asked him if he would play an exhibition. Though Hagen was noted for demanding—and getting—high prices for appearances, he agreed to bring four pros, including himself, to the Auburn course for only \$200, because all the profits would go to the struggling new PGA section. If \$50 each for four top touring pros seems very little, you have to remember that Paul Runyan was the leading money-winner that year with a grand total of \$6,767 in prize money.

My father was elated when he returned from Buffalo late the night before the exhibition. Craig Wood, one of those who agreed to play at Auburn, had just finished second in the PGA, losing to Runyan on the second extra hole. While Runyan wasn't coming, Horton Smith was Smith, only 26 at the time, had won Bobby Jones' first Masters tournament earlier that year and was a member of the PGA tournament committee. Hagen hadn't won a major tournament in four or five years but was still the most colorful and popular figure in golf. I've forgotten who the fourth pro was.

Auburn Country Club's front nine was as flat and open as a paper plate. You could slice across three fairways and recover with a mashie to any green. Dad

was chairman of the greens committee, so early on the morning of the exhibition we went out on the course to "toughen up" Auburn for the visiting stars. The only way you could make that course more difficult was to set the pins in preposterous places—six inches from the apron on the steepest slope, for instance, or back in a hidden corner to force every putt to take a right-angle turn.

Dad and I worked all morning resetting those pins. Because I was only 10 and scrawny, I couldn't do much. The hole-maker was a heavy, cylindrical pipe with wings on its top, attached to a handle like a spade. You centered the pipe, then stepped on the wings, cutting down six or eight inches into the turf. With a couple of grunts and a twisting motion, you pulled up the sod inside the cylinder, leaving a hole for the cup.

While Dad cut the new holes, I stamped new sod into the old holes. Eighteen times we did it, setting those new holes in the most unlikely places pins have ever been stuck. We finished just in time to run back around the course and rig ropes at each tee to keep back the anticipated crowds.

People showed up from all the towns around, attracted by some kind of jungle telegraph. In his wildest dreams, Dad had never expected so large a crowd. The visiting pros arrived about noon in Hagen's big, white, chauffeur-driven Cord. They had a couple of drinks and a chicken sandwich, and teed off at about one.

Craig Wood boomed out drives that left the locals gasping. Hagen played his usual game of two wild bongs, followed by a miraculous recovery. Smith was meticulous, right down the middle, bang-bang, putt-putt. Except that on the first few holes, all the pros went bang-bang, putt-putt, putt-putt. Because of the fiendish pin placements, scores were high.

I was in my glory, allowed inside the ropes at every tee, close to my idols, especially Craig Wood, the only human being I'd ever met who shared my odd first name. I was able to gloat at the other kids, all of them several years older, who also caddied at Auburn.

By the 4th tee, I knew something was wrong. After three-putting the par-3 4th, Hagen took my father aside and said, "Frank, the locals are here to see us take this cow pasture apart. They want to see us score, not take five putts on every green because some idiot set the pins

wrong. Get the rest of the pins set easy, or this show is going to be an awful flop."

Dad turned an unhealthy red, looking less like Hagen than usual. He chomped his big cigar almost in half. It had taken us almost three hours to set those pins. Now they all had to be reset, and fast. He recovered his usual aplomb. Spotting me, he draped a fatherly arm about my shoulders and said casually, "Craig, go reset the pins—in the middle of the greens." Then he stepped back into the limelight to announce the next hitter.

Fortunately, as I stumbled under the ropes, I fell against one of the older caddies, one who knew how to drive the greenskeeper's tractor. We raced away, found the pin-setting tools, the tractor and a couple of helpers, and headed for the 7th green.

We respotted the 7th on one side of the clubhouse, the 9th on the other side, and the 18th out front. Then, hearing a great roar of applause as Hagen plastered one of his fantastic recoveries within six inches of the relocated 7th pin, we knew we didn't have time to do the 8th, so we dashed off to the 10th.

We managed to stay about three holes ahead of the golfers, hearing shouts, screams and applause, and wondering what was happening. As we finished the elevated 16th green, we took a moment to watch Hagen tee off on the 14th. He walloped a drive up the middle, then casually picked up his tee and tucked it behind his ear before swaggering down the fairway. For years after, I tried to carry my tee behind my ear. With my crew cut and stick-out ears, I never could do it and so lost a lot of tees.

We hid the tractor in the woods behind the 17th green and rushed back to the 15th in time to watch Smith stroke a 30-footer into our relocated cup. I slipped under the ropes at the 16th, bringing my friends with me, all of us pining hard and sweating. Dad's big scoring standard showed all four pros safely under par, and Wood, the poorest putter of the group, was burning up little old Auburn. Everybody was smiling. The great Hagen spotted me, threw an arm around my shoulders, just like Dad, and said, "Anaboy, Craig."

But the biggest pleasure came when it was all over. One of the big caddies, all of 15 years old, came up to me enviously and asked, "Which is your father, Craig Wood or Walter Hagen?"

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THE SEATTLE WALL—ET AL.

Sir:

Your June 11 cover photograph of high school Gus Williams driving for a layup was superb, as was the shot of "The Seattle Wall" (Jack Sikma, Louie Shelton and John Johnson). Great camera work, SE.

JEFF T. DEBERARDINS
Dunwoody, Ga.

Sir:

"The Seattle Wall" was one of the best basketball pictures I've ever seen when it came to illustrating what was really going on in a game.

BILLIE S. ERWIN
Stone Mountain, Ga.

Sir:

SI's photography and prose on the Seattle-Washington series were exceptional. In contrast, CBS fell somewhat short. In a major market, the San Francisco-Oakland area, two of the five games of the series were tape-delayed and shown at 11:30 p.m. The NBA championship should be treated as an event comparable to the World Series, but by televising the games at such a late hour the network destroyed continuity for the fan. I, for one, protest.

JOHN BAUM
San Francisco

Sir:

Thank you for the nice cover and story about our world champion SuperSonics! We in the Northwest realize how difficult it must be for fans in the more populated regions of the country to identify with our basketball idols. Therefore, it was easy enough for us to understand why the recently announced first and second NBA All-League teams included no players from Seattle. But there is one thing that makes no sense to us: How could Coach-of-the-Year honors go to Cotton Fitzsimmons of Kansas City? Our Lenny Wilkens won the championship with players who aren't notable enough to have made even the second-string All-League team!

MIKE CATE
Chehalis, Wash.

PLAYING WITH PAIN

Sir:

Congratulations on your recent investigative reports on abuses in college football (May 21) and in *jai alai* and sports medicine (June 11). Such articles raise SI far above the routine scores-and-personalities magazines.

Regarding the potential for abuse—or the appearance of abuse—when team physicians are paid by management, a simple solution seems apparent. Why not have the players' associations employ the team physicians? The

link to management would be broken and a true doctor-patient relationship would exist.

ERNEST F. DEBEAUL
Sylvania, Ohio

Sir:

During four years as the physician for a minor league hockey team, I was exposed to some of the problems described in the article *Playing Hurt—the Doctors' Dilemma*. Because of that experience I came to several conclusions about what a physician for a professional club should be and how he should relate to the team.

First, because medical problems—respiratory infections, cuts, abrasions and the like—are predominant, a physician with broad medical experience should be the team physician, with an orthopedist acting in a consultative role. This is especially important in cases in which surgery may be needed.

Second, more health information on individual players is needed, especially a continuing record that follows the player as he moves from team to team. To my knowledge, such records are not kept in hockey.

Finally, though I think that the individual team should appoint its own physician, I also feel strongly that the physician should report ultimately to the league president. This would relieve the team doctor of the need to cater to the team's interest and make him responsible to someone who has the broader interest of the game and its players at heart.

DANIEL M. LANE, M.D., PH.D.
Oklahoma City

Sir:

William Nack's article on playing hurt only scratched the surface of a much larger problem: the "macho" image that prompts players to play while hurt.

This sort of thinking is impressed on athletes at an early age, and through high school and college I watched many of my teammates "play with pain." They did it to help the team, not realizing—or not being told—that by playing with certain injuries they were running the risk of incurring lifetime ailments.

Who is to blame? The physician in the pros who puts the team ahead of the player? The college coach who fails to send an injured player to a doctor for fear he will lose the services of that player? The high school coach who calls a player a sissy because he won't play with a "little pain"?

All of them are at fault, and the public needs to be made aware of how widespread these practices are and of how damaging the misuse of an athlete's trust in medical advice can be. Too many people suffer from "an old football injury," the lingering effects of which

probably could have been avoided had there been a little more concern for the player and a little less for the success of the team.

ED GAGEN
Erie, Pa.

Sir:

Speaking of playing hurt, I think former Red Sox and now Expo Pitcher Bill Lee put it well. He once said, "Your body talks to you. Listen to it."

Dr. Arthur Pappas, one of the finest sports physicians in the country and a former athlete, did not have a decision to make when it came to whether the injured Carlton Fisk should play during the late stages of the '78 pennant race. He left the choice squarely up to Fisk, who should have heard his body talking to him. Fisk wasn't listening.

OGDEN M. DODGE
Providence

Sir:

I was reminded of my experience as a high school football player. During pre-season practice in 1961, I suffered a severe neck injury and was sidelined for most of the season. Although I knew I wasn't in proper shape, I covered up the fact that I wasn't fully recovered and started the last game. In that game I tore ligaments in my right knee. The next year I re-injured the knee, and my coach advised me to forget about football. He was concerned that I might never be able to walk normally if I continued to play, and he refused to allow me to participate in any games because he also feared I might do further injury to my neck. This conversation could be the reason I still have full mobility in my neck and legs.

The concerned coach was Earle Bruce, who is now the head man at Ohio State. I'd let my sons play for him anytime.

WILLIAM SCHER
Upper Arlington, Ohio

Sir:

Regarding the metal plate in Red Sox Manager Don Zimmer's head, allow me to set the record straight. At the time of the incident (1953), Zimmer was playing for a minor league team and was well-known as a batter who crowded the plate. My uncle, Jim Kirk, then a first baseman for a St. Louis Cardinal farm team and the man who hit Zimmer, was no wilder than any other pitcher. It was dusk, and as my uncle released the pitch to Zimmer he realized it was wild and yelled to Zimmer to get out of the way. Zimmer lost sight of the ball in the twilight and didn't budge until it knocked him off his feet.

This accident occurred before batting helmets were required, and as a result of it Zimmer has the metal plate. But the pitch was by

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

no means a deliberate beanball, as might be inferred from your brief description; it was merely a wild pitch. To this day Zimmer and my uncle remain on the best of terms. The word "beaning" implies animosity, which was not the case.

KIRK LITTLE
Jacksonville, N.C.

SALMON (CONT.)

Sir

Were the "clamor along the Klamath" (June 4) as simple as it was made to seem by Robert F. Jones, this letter would be unnecessary. Being an attorney who is stupid enough to try to untangle other people's messes, I can assure you that there is no better example of the incredible difficulties faced by native Americans than the Klamath folies. As Jones suggests, all nets across the water are really not the main issue. Different groups—within the Indian tribes, within the state and federal governments, within the surrounding communities—are competing for control over the area around the Klamath and its debatably dwindling resources. Those few Indians who fish with outlawed nets are selfish, shortsighted people, you say. Please take a closer look. On a reservation where unemployment is running more than 70%, the people are slowly being strangled by various governments, various private business concerns and various sportsmen's clubs. But they are still trying to eke out an existence.

This is not a sports story. As hinted by Jones, it is, rather, a sad story—and in the end a relatively powerless people may well lose out entirely. If they do lose, it will not be because their nets are too long or too deep, but because their numbers are few, because they are somewhat dependent on what other people have and because other people want the timber, minerals, federal money—and fish—that the Hoopas and Yuroks and other local tribes have.

JOHN T. PHILIPSTON
San Jose, Calif.

A TASTE FOR HOCKEY

Sir

At least the WHA (*A Nowhere Ride*, May 28) lasted longer than the WFL. I hope that the taste for hockey that was developed in some Southern cities by the WHA will someday add the NHL in regaining a national TV contract, which it deserves.

Your story in the same issue on the Stanley Cup final (*They Were Singing That Old Song Again*) was also good—but too brief! When will you adjust to the fact that hockey is unmatched for pure enjoyment and action. The NHL has survived even though the national media generally ignore it.

BUD GENDOVESE
Santa Cruz, Calif.

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